

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

[Original.]

JESSE TRUESDELL PECK, D. D.

BY THE EDITORS.

LUTHER and ANNIS PECK, formerly of Connecticut, removed, not long after the close of the American Revolution, to Middlefield, Otsego county, N. Y. They became the parents of eleven children; six daughters and five sons, of whom Jesse T. was the youngest. Of these children, four were born in Connecticut, and the remaining seven in Middlefield. Mr. and Mrs. Peck appear to have been Christians of the primitive stamp, and the results of their deep piety and earnest Christian zeal were seen in the early piety of every one of their children. Two of the daughters long since departed this life in great peace, and the reader may find a beautiful tribute to their memory, written by a brother's hand, in the Methodist Magazine of ———, 1822. Of the five sons, all yet live, and all are ministers of the church of which their parents were members; and there are seven grandsons in the same ministry.

Jesse T. was born in Middlefield, April 4, 1811. From a child he evinced a desire to become a minister, and often declared his determination to that effect. One of the many ministers who occasionally made Mr. Peck's house their temporary home, once took him on his knee, and portrayed in a striking manner the trials and hardships of an itinerant life; concluding by asking his little auditor, "*Then what would you do?*" "*I'd stick to it,*" was the characteristic response.

Thirst for knowledge, great eagerness in its pursuit, and facility in its acquisition

marked his early boyhood. His first lessons were given by an elder sister, under whose teaching the lad is said to have developed finely; but at length his older brothers were called away into the ministry, and his sister died, and for a season the better promises of his childhood seemed likely to fail of a fulfilment. He grew thoughtless, and fond of wild company and merriment.

But the child of many prayers was soon arrested. A sermon preached by Rev. Henry Halstead, of the Oneida Conference, (then travelling upon the circuit,) awakened him, and he returned home with his parents, smitten in spirit by the power of conviction. When the evening devotions of the family were in progress, his heart broke with grief for sin, and he cried aloud for his father to pray for him. His mother, who was a great laborer among mourners, went immediately to her son, and, tenderly embracing him in her arms, directed his eye to the Lamb of God; and the agony of penitential sorrow was soon succeeded by the joys of salvation.

Immediately after his conversion he began to exert himself for the salvation of others. He was full of pious emotion, and full of zeal; but he soon learned that his late habits and associations had left their mark upon him, and that if he would hope to attain any considerable degree of usefulness, both his intellect and his manners must be cultivated.

Fortunately for the young man, his brother, now Dr. Geo. Peck, of Wyoming Conference, was then in a position to assist and direct him. He, therefore, soon went to Ithaca, N. Y., where the latter was then stationed, and placed himself under his direc-

tion; and he ascribes, with great gratitude, whatever success may have marked his subsequent career, under God, to the judicious advices and criticisms, and the affectionate and discriminating guidance of his more experienced brother. He continued to be *de facto*, a member of that brother's family until he became a travelling preacher. He joined the Oneida Conference in 1832, and his successive posts of labor have been Dryden, Newark, Skaneateles, and Pottsdam; each of which places he served in the pastoral work. From the last named place he was called to the Principalship of Gouverneur High School, from which place he went, after four years, to Troy Conference Academy, of which he continued the Principal seven years. Thence he was called to the Presidency of Dickinson College, in Carlisle, Pa., where he remained four years. Upon his resignation of the Presidency of Dickinson, he took the pastoral relation of the Foundry Church in Washington, D. C., where he spent two years. The next two years were spent in the Secretaryship of the Tract Society of the M. E. Church. The General Conference of 1856 determining to dispense with the Secretaryship of the Tract Society as a distinct office, Dr. Peck again returned to his beloved pastoral work, and spent the succeeding two years in the Greene Street Church, New York, from which post he was subsequently transferred by the superintendents to California, his present field of labor.

Dr. Peck closed his labors in Greene Street, under most happy auspices. The revival, which had been for some time in progress, continued up to the end of the ecclesiastical year. He took leave of his people in the presence of a large congregation, including, doubtless, more than a hundred members of the Church who had been brought in by his instrumentality. Strong thoughts and struggling emotion mastered both preacher and hearers. At the close, the weeping audience gathered around the altar in crowds, to give the parting hand to their pastor, believing that many of them would see his face no more. Another affect-

ing scene was the parting of the Doctor with his beloved Sunday School scholars. Near two hundred of the beautiful flock he so tenderly loved passed by in procession and pressed his hand, and with many tears pronounced their affectionate farewell.

The public bodies with which the doctor was connected took suitable notice of his departure. Resolutions in token of high consideration and strong affection were passed by the New York Conference, the Tract and Missionary Boards, and the New York and Brooklyn Preachers' Meeting, several of which appeared in the Christian Advocate and Journal.

He visited the Troy Conference, to which he belonged for some seven years, when he was met by a surprise, with an address from Professor Newman of Union College, and a beautiful memento from his former students and devoted friends, who were members of the Conference. He attended also the Black River Conference, where he spent the earlier years of his ministry, and in which his public career began. He visited every station in which he had labored since he joined the Conference in 1832, and his old surviving friends enjoyed the privilege of a most happy reunion with their former pastor, and of hearing him preach; and he was permitted to review the scenes of twenty-six years of hard and earnest labor. The large gatherings, and the addresses at different points, showed the feeling of the people toward him personally, as well as their lively interest in the success, under the divine blessing, which has attended his efforts since the days of his comparative youth when he was with them.

Large numbers accompanied the doctor and his beloved family to the ship which was to bear them to the Pacific coast.

From the California Christian Advocate, we learn that he was received by the brethren there with "a thousand welcomes." The manner in which he commenced his work in California, may be seen by the following, taken from the paper alluded to:

"DR. J. T. PECK. This servant of God has just completed his tour of observation and evangelical labor in his new field. He was desired by the Bishops to come to us at as early a period as convenient, in advance of the Conference session, that he might travel at large, make the acquaintance of the brethren in the ministry and membership, learn as much as practicable as to the state of the churches, the character and resources of the country, and share with the earnest laborers in the field, the work of preaching the "glorious gospel," and endeavoring to save souls. This was a good idea, and the Dr. has improved the opportunity to the utmost of his ability. Besides all the help he has rendered the brethren at camp meetings and elsewhere, he has doubtless acquired more information, and better prepared himself to understand the peculiarities of our California work, and hence be useful in it, by these nine weeks of travel, and freely mingling with all classes of preachers and people at their homes, than he could have done in many years, being strictly confined to the pastoral work, as he will be from the rising of our Conference.

He reached here with his family, all in good health, on the 13th of July. He found many earnest invitations to visit different parts of the work, on hand in advance of his arrival. He lost no time, but making a hurried arrangement for the comfort of his family, he left them among entire strangers, but with Christian friends anxious to do anything possible for their comfort, and dashed off through dust and heat into "the interior." He has travelled by steamboat, car, stage, and any kind of conveyance he could get, some hundreds of miles, through our valleys, over the foot-hills, mountains, and canons. He has attended six camp meetings; preaching from four to eight times at each. He has preached at San Francisco, Iowa Hill, Nevada, Grass Valley, Marysville, Sacramento, Stockton, Petaluma, and Contra Costa, forty-six sermons in nine weeks, and thirty-one of them in the open air; and we are happy to find that the process of acclimation has been *nothing to him*. He comes out in perfect health.

He writes that he has "enjoyed these tours and labors exceedingly," that he has "met with the most joyful welcome everywhere," that he is "surprised at the vast extent of the splendid agricultural districts of the State, at the progress of improvement, the promptness of vegetation, the rapidity with which the fruits of various kinds are brought to perfection from the

seed, the perfect affluence of everything desirable for the comfort of the people here, the industrial enterprize of Californians, on the ranches, in the mines, and in commerce; but especially gratified at the amount of labor which has been done by our pioneer ministers and members, in planting and training "the Christian Churches." Everywhere he finds, as he assures us, "a noble few who are manfully struggling with the difficulties incident to a new State, suddenly populated to a large extent by daring adventurers, in quest of gold and every other means of wealth; bearing up, with heroic courage against the fluctuations of business, and of population, and contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." He insists that whatever remains to be done, and it looms up most formidably, whatever may and must be done, he and those who come after him will be compelled humbly to say, "other men have labored and we have entered into their labors."

Bishop Scott appointed the doctor to Powell Street Church, San Francisco, where he was joyfully received, and where he is now engaged in earnest evangelical labor.

During Mr. Peck's occupancy of his first charge, viz: Dryden, N. Y., he was united in marriage to Miss Perses Wing, of Cortland, in whose fidelity and piety his life has been greatly blessed. Mrs. P. has never failed, we believe, to exhibit the liveliest interest in the work committed to her husband's hands, and has been ever ready to advise and assist him, freely assuming any part of the responsibility which of right belonged to her.

The reader is perhaps impressed with the number and variety of the posts which our brother has occupied during a ministry of but twenty-six years. No man who knows Dr. Peck's history will conclude that these frequent changes have proceeded from a spirit of vacillation on his part, but will find the occasion of them in the character of the ecclesiastical organization with which he has been connected, in the rapid developments of his own mind, and the emergencies of the Church.

We think it was during Mr. Peck's incumbency of the Principalship of Troy Conference Academy, that he was first made a

partaker of the great blessing of entire sanctification. Up to that time he had been regarded as an able, active, zealous, and ambitious young man. In his case, as in that of every other man, grace filled the vacuum which it found; it hallowed all his desires; it separated earthly alloys from his ambition and his zeal. It identified him fully in interest and sympathy with the plans of God. It gave him discrimination and far-sightedness in spiritual things.

It gave new steadiness of purpose, new altitude of aim, new sanctity of manner, and a quiet, earnest vigor, new and strangely thrilling and telling to the lips, the pen, and the life. God has said, "them that honor me I will honor;" and, perhaps, we do not often meet a more striking illustration of the promise than is afforded by the career and present position of Dr. J. T. Peck. He occupies his present place in the confidence and affections of the church of Christ in America, not because he has scrambled for it, but because he has gone quietly and successfully on in the work which the church has given him to do.

Within a few years, Dr. P. has written a good deal for the press. While President of Dickinson College, some very searching and discriminating articles from his pen appeared in the *Christian Advocate and Journal of New York*. We are not sure that we have retained the title of the articles. They were written under a common heading, but we can never forget their tone, and we hope never to lose the good impulses they gave us.

True, there was an air of severity about their heart-searching criticisms upon the current piety of the times, and they were adapted rather perhaps to *produce conviction* among church members than to show the way and lead the way to a higher, better style of religious living; but to our own apprehension they were the best things of the kind that have been said. The series should have been continued for many weeks longer, presenting in the later papers, directions, advices, and encouragements to the persons

(we are sure there were many of them,) whose consciences had been successfully probed by the pungent appeals of the earlier members. Our hopes are that the doctor may yet resume the work, and, having given completeness to the essay, that he may then be induced to issue the numbers, or the gist of them, in a convenient book.

Dr. Peck's contributions to the several monthlies and quarterlies, have been perhaps uniformly read with keen relish. The three books, "The Central Idea," "The True Woman," and "What must I do to be Saved?" were issued in the order in which they are here named, and are each readable and valuable. We regard the "Central Idea" as the book through which the doctor is likely to be best known to posterity.

As a speaker, Dr. Peck has not very many superiors. He has a well-stored memory, good taste, a fertile imagination, abundant language, complete self-control in the discussion of a topic before an audience, a commanding presence, a deep but mellow voice, natural gesticulation, and we may add, always a valuable and well considered theme for the entertainment and instruction of his listeners.

In stature, our friend is about five feet ten inches; his person is rotund, inclining to obesity. He resembles much more the general type of an English minister, than of one native to the American soil. But for the freshness and vivacity of his countenance, and the youthful elasticity of his step, he would appear an older man than he really is, on account of the premature falling of his hair. As it is, our younger men are wont to feel, when allowed to enjoy his companionship, that they are in the presence at once of a fellow and a father. We hope many days of useful toil may yet remain to our dear brother, and especially we hope to see his name frequently, as heretofore, in the Guide.

"Many of our troubles are God dragging us; and they would end if we would stand upon our feet, and go whither he would have us."—*H. W. Beecher*.

[Original.]

THE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN.

BY LEILA.

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—WORDS OF JESUS.

With what surpassing tenderness our blessed
Saviour sought
To win the crowds who gathered round, so
eager to be taught!
All ye that labor, "come to me, and I will
give you rest;
Come, take my yoke, and learn of me," and be
forever blessed.

These precious words of Jesus, still sounding
in our ears,
Should be received in perfect trust, dispelling
all our fears.
O, give us sweet assurance of faith in Christ
alone;
Set up Thy reign within our hearts,—the idol
self dethrone!

"Lord, help our unbelief," and may we now
receive
An earnest in our hearts, that we indeed believe.
We would be thine, entirely thine, that we in
grace may grow;
O, seal us by thy Spirit—that promised gift
bestow!

Thus consecrating all our powers, we come,
dear Lord, to thee;
Give us the sweet assurance thou wilt our
Savior be.
Thine image place upon our hearts, impart thy
perfect love;
And fit us while we live on earth, to dwell with
Thee above.

[Selected.]

THE UNKNOWN ONE.

"There standeth one among you whom ye know
not."—JOHN.

THERE were a few devout men and women
in Judea, whose faces were toward the
East, already reflecting the morning twilight
of the new and better day. Hopes long
cherished were brightening into expectation,
and they were looking for the "coming of
the Just One," "waiting for the consolation
of Israel." To all this class "the voice of
one crying in the wilderness," came with

quickenings, thrilling power. If any of
them were by when he proclaimed, "There
standeth One in the midst of you whom ye
know not," how it must have startled their
very souls! "Is this he that was to come?
Is the Deliverer of Zion actually here
among us, and we knew him not?"

According to the narrative, this remark
of John the Baptist was made specially to a
deputation—a sort of committee sent from
Jerusalem by the Jews, consisting of Priests
and Levites. The Jews at the capital had
heard the fame of the Baptist's preaching.
It had been told them that he preached
with a strange and stirring power, and that
the multitudes thronged to hear him. Men
of God's holy temple, highest in religious
responsibilities, they thought they ought to
know who this new man might be whose
preaching made such a sensation over the
country, even to the great city itself. So
they sent a committee to enquire, "Who
art thou?"

He told them frankly who he was not,
and who he was; but the special thing in
his answer was this announcement, "Ye
have One among you already, far greater
than I, whom ye ought to know, but know
not. There may be nothing in his exterior
to disclose the ineffable glory of his person
—nothing that reveals the stupendous
magnitude of his mission. As yet he
stands among you known only as the car-
penter's son, a resident of Galilee, a Naza-
rene. I come baptizing with water, to turn
men's eyes to this illustrious personage
whom, up to this hour the world knows
not."

On one ever memorable night, certain
new revelations made to the inner soul of
Jacob drew from him the exclamation,
"Surely the Lord was in this place, and I
knew it not!"

We do not choose to call that a new
sense—an additional faculty of vision—
which sees a God where none was seen be-
fore; but we may assume that the new ap-
prehensions are traceable in part to special
revelations which God is pleased to make;

and in part to the turning of man's mental eye to behold God. Let both these conditions be fulfilled, and often should we find One standing among us whom we had not known.—[Oberlin Evangelist.]

[Original.]

SCATTERED THOUGHTS.

BY Y.

ONE reason why we are called to bless those who injure us is, we have nothing to do with the instrumentality. God takes care of all the Pharaohs. We are to go direct through the Red Sea, and leave the Egyptians behind;—when we are through, sing our song of deliverance.

The heart, with all its affections satisfied, and possessing every comfort for earthly happiness, will feel an emptiness, a void, if long from the throne of grace and the Word of God. Then how sweet is a promise of Holy Writ to fill that vacuum. It is a link let down from on high to draw up the soul, to give it a holy balance again; a consciousness of its dwelling in God. Divinity alone, is the source from whence the soul draws its living enjoyment.

It is not humility which keeps people idle and useless, but just the reverse. Because they cannot do some great thing, they will not do any thing. Fellow disciple, you have cause for sorrow of spirit, when you are not on the alert to do and say something for your divine Master; if no more, present a cup of cold water in the name of Jesus.

Those people who are so very humble as to do nothing, are the most observant critics of the sayings and doings of others. They have time for that which their busy friends have neither the time nor inclination to do.

The love of Jesus constrains us to do the best we can, and leave our awkward mode with him to bless. In this plain, scriptural persuasion, many sincere, humble people have accomplished great good, while the capable and the wise have wasted away their time and talents in indolence.

We gain our blessings by industry, and lose them by idleness. Work, work, came from Eden; and the faith which produces works will carry us thither again.

When we meditate upon the holy, sinless humanity of Jesus, in meekness under dictation, reproach, mocking, scourging, and the climax,—the cross, can we mourn, or be despondent and sad, because he calls us to follow him at a distance, in the form of a servant? Oh no: all this is necessary to work in us fully the mind of Christ.

Faith receives Christ, but love follows him in the humble path of regeneration. We never ask too often for love. It is indeed, as one has beautifully said, "the gold coin which includes all the other graces of the Holy Spirit."

We must not only make the reckoning in the beginning of our Christian life, but keep up the reckoning till the last hour of probation, counting "*all things*" but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.

It is a common device of the enemy to disturb the mind when we expect to enter into a special duty, public or private, that he may trammel our confidence, and cast us down, so as to disable us from speaking or praying in any degree of comfort. Children, servants, or some other instruments, will be used for this work. Then we find peculiar grace is needed beforehand, that we may be ready for the duty in holy peace, being stayed upon God in our preceding necessity.

We make the mistake when we look to the cross ahead, instead of keeping the eye of faith and love on the intermediate steps.

While our richest blessings descend to us in the closet, yet their variety and depth depend on our usefulness and labor. If we rest satisfied in a small, contracted sphere, we shall receive no more strength and light than is sufficient for that small way of living. Grace is like natural heat,—it is expansive; and if we increase its power by use, we cannot help continually

enlarging our field of duty. What we once thought crosses, have become merely way-marks, and we dot from them our advances in heavenly experience.

Do we visit the aged, do we sympathise with and pray for the aged as we ought? Has the power of temptation been broken from an aged pilgrim's heart by our timely visit? Has the song of praise, and uplifted prayer, from our bowed knee at his side, given him a new waft to the land of rest? Ah, we must not forget those who, month after month and year after year, sit in silence on the holy Sabbath, and have been long absent from the joys of public worship.

How will we feel if permitted to descend the vale of life in like manner? Lay up now the future visits, the cheering conversation, the prayer, and the psalms of praise. How sweetly such fall upon the ear of him who has long felt he is a stranger below, and is just waiting for the invitation to come up higher. The aged members of the body of Christ are the water wheels,—out of sight, but their prayers put good in motion, and keep good in motion; and we effectually promote the work of God by our due attention to them, as well as by caring for the apparently more active fellow members, whom we meet in every day life.

[Original.]

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

BY REV. D. F. NEWTON.

WHAT NOW? WHERE NOW?

WHERE now, brother; O where? Where are you? Once you were on the mount! tarried in the mount forty days and forty nights; and when you came down, your face shone brightly as Moses' did when he descended from the same mount of God. Once you professed the blessing of holiness, entire consecratedness, the sealing, sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. You professed to enjoy the superlative grace—you believed it, preached it, prayed it, wrote it out, sent it abroad. You testi-

fied publicly, on every suitable occasion, to the saving efficacy of Christ's blood to cleanse from all sin. You published it gladly, sounded out the sweet sound of redeeming, sanctifying grace—you made it a *special* business, a prime object in your public and private ministrations. You enforced this entire consecratedness to God, brought it *home* to every heart powerfully, as a present, indispensable duty and privilege. You also attended meetings especially for this same object. Holiness was the delight of your soul. You could say with the sweet singer of Israel: "My foot standeth in an even place, in the congregations will I bless the Lord." The cause of truth prospered wherever you went—sinners were awakened and converted, souls sanctified, led directly into this blessed gospel fulness.

But where now, brother? O where? Lips closed, are they? Where now the blessedness of which you spake? What has God done? Is he not the same yesterday, to-day, and *forever*? If the doctrine of holiness *is* the doctrine of the Bible, the *sine qua non*—indispensable to the world's salvation—the great safe-guard, the rock on which we must build, why not continue steadfast, unmoveable—always abounding, firm to the end, increasing more and more? *If's*? there are no *if's* about it. God speaks it, thunders it,—flashes it. These glowing, sparkling truths, stand out—blaze out on the pages of inspiration like the sun-beams of noon-day: "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Brother, how is it that those men in all ages, who believed in the doctrine of entire sanctification in this life, enjoyed it, preached it, lived it, witnessed it by every thought, look, word, action; held on to it definitely, publicly, and practically, were *the* men of the times?

This was the great secret of the Moravians, of their success—the philosopher's stone. What people under the sun were more signally blessed in saving souls than these same Moravian missionaries, so long

as they held on to this pearl of pearls, "the joy of the Lord," went forward proclaiming it? God blessed their labors marvellously, even in the frigid zone. A great light sprung up to those sitting in darkness and in the region and shadow of death. So in the days of Wesley, Fletcher, Carvosso, Lady Maxwell. Mark also the labors of Brother Caughey, the revivalist; why are thousand on thousands born into the kingdom annually through his instrumentality, blessed of God, filled with the Holy Spirit? The truth is, he pours in the liquid *flame* of full salvation, the burning lava of this gospel grace. "Holiness to the Lord" is written on his banner,— "Come out from among them, be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing," is brought home with a sledge hammer of Omnipotent bearing. Look, moreover, at Dr. Palmer and his consecrated wife; what are they doing? mark their footsteps,—Satan trembles, falls as lightning at their approach. Wherever they go, God is with them to bless, convict, convert, purify and sanctify. What is the secret of their unparalleled success? The doctrine of holiness is first, midst, last, always. They believe it, profess it, enjoy it, live it, publish it; God owns it in the awakening, converting, and sanctifying of thousands on thousands.

Close our eyes, our ears, our lips,—hold our peace? At our peril we do it. "Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets: Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." Acts xiii: 40, 41.

"There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drops run off. God rains his goodness and mercy as wide spread as the dew; and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them."—*H. W. Beecher.*

[Selected.]

TO THE RIVEN HEART.

PILGRIM to Mount Zion! say,
Why thus faltering by the way?
Is thine heart with sorrow rife?
Art thou weary of thy life?
'Mid the darkness and the gloom,
Does dejection often come?

Pilgrim stranger, pause and say,
Hath the rude blast torn away
All to which thy heart did cling?
Is there left no one loved thing?
And with wretchedness and woe,
Is thy head now drooping low?

Answer, sorrow-stricken one,
Faltering ere thy work is done;
Is it right beneath thy load
Thus to sink while on the road;
Loving oft thy griefs to tell,
Say, thou pilgrim, is it well?

Here is not thy promised rest,
It remains yet for the blest;
Patiently the race still run
Until all thy work is done;
While it is thy Master's will,
Labor on and labor still.

And whatever meets thy view,
Endeavor with thy might to do;
Never sinking with despair
In the midst of toil and care,
But until thy task is done,
Ever pray, "*Thy will be done.*"

BUT THIS IS NOT OUR OWN DEFENSE.—

Profession is not our weapon, but the simple exposure of the object of attack. This is the thing to be vindicated against the improbabilities in the nature of the case; against the natural skepticism and the sinful opposition of men; and, thank God, the vindication is practicable; the means of successful and triumphant vindication are within our reach, and we are under the most sacred and imperative obligations to use them, for the honor of our revered principles, for the protection of our individual rights, for the deliverance of souls from the power of sophistry, the dominion of prejudice and the oppression of the devil, and for the glory of Christ, whose blood, in spite of all cavil and neglect, has power to cleanse from all sin.

[Original.]

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

BY A CONGREGATIONAL PASTOR.

Years ago, sitting in Sabbath-school, while my teacher spoke of God, it seemed a worthy thing to love and serve him. The flow of sweetness then went through my heart at such a thought. Was it, therefore, renewed? No! only the moral sense was awakened. That was the approval, not the reception of God. For afterwards the sins of boyhood and youth swept through my heart with a black surge. Nevertheless, conscience was yet alive, unseared, itself burning like a hot iron into my life. This often made me moody, morbid, and misanthropic, even to thoughts of suicide. Amid all this, still there was a wild joy, a reckless flippancy, which seemed to mark the outer life as free from stings within. But that was only the flower blooming on the crater's verge, the bird's song in the tempest cloud. Sickness came, more than once, sore and terrible, swinging me close to the dark pit. Fear-struck, I cried to God for life, and promised him my service. Though all forgotten when health came, there dwelt black phantoms of remorse in my soul. College days dawned. In the heat of study, under the spur of ambition, and with an awakened love of the beautiful in letters and art, a glare of glory brightened the cloud. No thoughts of duty to God and a religious life intruded. Fame, greatness, learning, and honors, these were the goads of endeavor, dulled only by vanities and vices of youth. But in the midst of deadness to divine things, even in the hearts of God's so-named children, one gay, frivolous fellow-student was converted. Converted? As I had been taught, or rather left untaught, this sounded strangely. At times before, I had purposed to be religious, and so went to church oftener, read the Bible and the Episcopal prayer-book solemnly, and thought I was doing right well. This, however, was only the

cloud and the dew of a wayward soul. But now I heard and saw that there was in another, and must be in me, a change, deep and radical, before I could be God's child. Who would show it to me? Who might tell me? Alas! none spoke a word. I asked one, who had named Christ, to point me to salvation. He thought me in sport. Never before had I spoken a serious word to him, and he treated me as one who mocked. But when I urged my question vehemently, he was confounded, and in his own blindness told me to believe. Believe! Believe what? "What the Bible says—on Christ." There was no prayer offered, no advice otherwise given to my benighted soul. I read God's word. It said to me, "Now is the day of salvation." So the preacher said; so my soul said. Now or never. It was done. Darkly and imperfectly I gave my heart to God. Vaguely and gropingly I accepted Christ, and followed him. But it was yet afar off, and through the mist. Still I had peace—no joy. How should I serve him? By preaching the gospel. So I studied theology, as it is called,—the science of God,—but after the traditions of men, not the commandments of Christ. A dry, barren, outward life of religion mine was. Enough of services and ordinances and ceremonies, broken cisterns, holding no water; nothing of the inward spring, flowing with eternal life. Though the peace of justification breathed low, the tide of joy in holiness did not stir. I felt myself a forgiven, but not a renewed soul. Something was wanting. Ah! a great void within, chasm-like and abysmal, yawned deep and dark below, threatening to swallow up in death all my hope. Reason only came to my aid, and out of its fragments I patched up a many-colored coat of complicated belief. Simplicity and single-mindedness in Christ, I knew not. The garment of faith I wore needed to be dipped and soaked in his blood, my soul to be baptized into his life, making it of one divine hue. Prayer was audible speech and outward form, not in-

ward utterance and power. Truth was a creed, not a life. So I began to preach. Young, enthusiastic, and impulsive, my zeal was without knowledge, and to the unwise appeared spiritual. Souls became thoughtful and inquiring. What could I say to them? Nothing which they could understand; if any thing were spoken, it might not be heard through what seemed a wall of granite, many feet thick and miles high, between the soul and me. What should I do? I read the lives, and works, and words, of sainted men. Alas! they only smote and burned my soul. I could not think, and feel, and act, like them. "No," said the Evil's tongue, "nature unfits you for this." That was not all. At prayer he knelt with me, and whispered, "Ah! you are no Christian at all, but a fool, a hypocrite. Why waste your powers and resources here? Go back to the great city, where fame, wealth, and influence await you, and be something." I was agonized. Pledged to God, yet drawn to desert. On the threshold, yet hesitating. Could I dare, should I not be ashamed, to look back and leave the plough in the furrow? Yet, can I preach, shall I lead souls to God, without his truth and life in me? I cannot; I shall not. So I spoke to a good and wise man in the Church. He, too, smote me, but in love. "Young man, who sent you here? If God, what for? If to preach, do it. No matter, if as yet you are no Christian, as a vessel of dishonor God may use you to his glory; do his will; even if you are damned, you will be less wretched than if you had basely fled from duty." I obeyed. Soon the grim list of my sins was written out and laid before God. Within was a selfish will, a sensual mind, an ambitious heart. Chief among my transgressions was an intense, burning love of literature. This and all else was yielded. Essays, poems, tales were bundled up, sealed over, and stowed away. What gifts seemed worthy were given to God; what seemed useless were thrown to the winds. Consecration, full

and perfect, so far as knowledge went, was thus rendered. God entered then the open door, and took the vacated throne within. Oh! in full glory, with a pure breath of love, and a chorus of joys, in ermined holiness, was his coronation made. Peace deeper than any river, raptures transcending mountain exhilarations, then followed. It was meat and drink to do his will. It was ease and infant play to bear his cross. It was inspiration and creation to speak his word. Souls listened, and were saved. How long did this transfiguration-glory last? Only one week. In that time, the consciousness of perfect love in full exercise, was clear and strong. But fatigue overcame emotion, exhaustion deadened thought, till, ignorant of the true and abiding way of faith, my soul pitched into the breakers and began to split. Ah! there was the rock of death which so many strike. Had I only known that emotion, and exercise, and vision, were only, the beams of the sun, and not the orb itself, the fruits and not the roots of God's life in the soul, I had not sunk. What was to be done? Bring out the idols bundled up; burn them to ashes; go over the smoky catalogue of sins again; renew confession, and increase endeavor. Nay! this was all useless. The foundation was already laid. Faith only was needed to lay up the walls aright. But I had not learned, was never taught by man, this "highway of holiness." So the old life again gradually came back, with its ups and downs, its fears and trials, its griefs and toils. Yet not so dimly and stiffly did I walk then as before. The light had been kindled, and was not all gone out; the life, the true eternal life, had begun to breathe; the well-spring of Christ was opened in my soul, and at times more than ever before, religion was a vitality, a reality, an immortality, though much dimmed and down-dragged by a worldly life.

Now God began the keener work. His pruning-knife went deeper than ever, — cutting away from me my beloved; sending me out into the wild, where prairie solitudes

and forest glooms were made darker by men's iniquities. Toil, sacrifice, disappointment, sickness, weighed and haunted. New scenes, new relations, brought new interests and endeavors, with their hopes and aspirations. Revivals occurred; but as each one came, a deep gloom, a keen in-search, a fearful sifting, preceded, till joy and peace returned. Then, as pressure and excitement afterwards passed away, softly the world stepped in and circled its meshes round my unsuspecting soul. So I lived and labored, wept and prayed, through twelve long years of ministerial life, — years not deficient in tokens of God's love, that could not but awaken grateful joy, though marked by selfish plans, dark repinings, personal ambitions, and conscious unfaithfulness. No storm on the Black Sea, shipwrecking the mariner, and surging him on its shores naked and companionless, could be more dark in its memories than is that Past to me. God hides much of its terrors, yet reveals enough of them to humble and melt me even now. Yet, amid all those waves of evil, yearnings for life, wrestlings for liberty, were like root-growths in the rock and oak-throes in the storm. The day of glory was coming; the blind soul was being led by an unknown way. Placed where I wished not to be; called to a work I desired not; yet obeying, as by necessity, the divine finger, God kept near to me. I had often tried to escape the duty of preaching; never did I love the work except as an intellectual one, unless in revivals, when the present glow of interest charmed. Nevertheless, God kept me in it, and when I turned drove me back to it, as with a cherub's sword of fire. Two years ago, the great political contest of the nation commenced. Plainly I saw it my duty to preach on civil duties. Many said that such as preached thus would be cursed of God, with loss of spirituality. I began then to pray more; for I had nothing to spare from my soul, and wanted to do right. In the very teeth of some opposition, though with many favoring, I gave sermon after sermon for a

month. As I preached, I prayed; never so much before. Men listened unwontedly. Why? Satan said "Politics." God said "Truth." I saw that not their understanding only, but their moral sense was moved, as I had not moved men the like. This was because my heart was in the utterance. Then I asked God why the simpler, more radical truths of the Gospel, could not be thus impressively and successfully urged by me. This was the answering voice:

"Because you are not *wholly* consecrated to me. You think you *are*, because you *were* once; but you have taken back the gift as often as made; your heart is not in the work; you strive to please men, not ME; you preach yourself, not Christ."

All true, — sadly, fearfully true; this was my soul's deep conviction. Then I said:

"Lord, I will be thine, — thine wholly and forever."

So I gave up all things; all literary schemes; all lecturing tours; all purposes of foreign travel; everything of life went into God's hands, till I felt that nothing remained, not an atom or hair of my own which was not yielded. Then I *felt*, I BELIEVED, I KNEW, that between me and Him, no stone of separation was left standing. But then, how shall I stand — what will make me endure unto the end? Ah! how often before was this self-renunciation made, and then lost. What did I need? Not the witness of my personal acceptance; that I had gained before, and had never fully lost, though I had held it with a tremulous, loosening grasp, as a mariner overboard in the ice-waves of the Pole clings to a floating berg. I wanted the proof of my call to the ministry; that only could fix me. I had been taught that Reason, Providence, and such outward signs, enough proved a man's call; and that anything inward was vanity, yea, fanaticism. But now I said:

"Lord, if there truly be such a thing as an inward call, a clear, positive witness of my fitness for the ministry, and thy purpose for me in it, give it to me; for without such assurance I shall never abide."

Two weeks of prayer brought it. O! it came, blessed be God, clear, strong, full, un-mistakeable. The Spirit witnessed thus:

"Yes, you were born for this, created, fore-ordained for it, and in this work you are henceforth to live and die, so that no authorship, professorship, or teachership, nothing whatever, shall allure."

"Ah, then," I said, "I shall stand now sure, firm, fixed, never wavering. The problem is solved, doubt is all gone, and my work is settled."

How the future's path then glowed! How life then charmed! How toil became pastime! Two years have passed since then, and daily, hourly, even amid trials, hatreds, curses, and afflictions, this pillar of fire by night goes before me, brightening at each step. But this was only the opening eyelid of the morn. Full-orbed glory was yet to come. One ray but wakened the breath for more and many. Christ, too much to me as to others, had been one far off, over the sea, a proprietor or principal for whom I was steward and agent, and to whom I sent back my account, imperfect indeed, but true; for which I received the recompensing commission. That was not sufficient. Ah! I wanted him to come to me, or myself to go to him, and be united in a life-partnership, in an eternal fellowship. I went. He came. We met in mid-ocean, and on the dark wave; like Peter, trembling, I cried and grasped his hand, the right, while he embraced me with his left, and took me into his heart, putting his into mine. Then I could say, and say it now, God being my witness, Christ is my life; he is hid in me, formed in my soul, the hope of glory. That was another stride which the angels of my soul, in its aspiring thoughts and affections, made on the Jacob's ladder of faith towards the New Jerusalem, which I saw now coming down to me out of Heaven. I panted then for further heights. Not only to recognize but to realize God in all things inward and outward; in the frame-work of man and of the universe; in the insect, bird, and flower, as in the thought, desire,

and affection, — this I desired. Everywhere, at all times, in all circumstances, I wished to know and *feel* that God came and spoke to me, breathed upon and touched me, — a sensible presence, a living inspiration. Ah, how long I prayed for this! how much I agonized! Did I not need it? Could I speak and work for him truly, fully, unless my soul apprehended his smiling presence, his truthful voice? All through the winter's remnant and the summer's fulness, the prayer for this divine realization was offered. One more specialty was added to it and sought amid other things. I had bid souls to God because he was great and worthy, because his service was their duty and mine, because if it was not given, they and I should be lost. If loss came, then it was just and right. But Oh! there was not in my soul tender compassion, ardent, burning love for the poor sinking sinner. I wanted this, for it was needed. So my prayer was:

"Lord, give me an *unction* for souls, — the baptism of the Holy Ghost, that I may compassionate the lost and win them to Christ."

Alas! it seemed as if these two prayers, daily, hourly going up to God in clouds of importunity, would never be answered. But the delay was only to accumulate the blessing. One day, in the first autumn month, the Methodist brother having charge here, came to me. He told how that at camp meeting, just closed, God was present; how that the Spirit had come with his brethren as with a cloud in to the sanctuary; how that his faith foresaw, nay, that present sight even declared a great work of God. He told me that if I and my people wished to be blessed, "it would be well to follow where God led, dropping all distinctions, and working together in Christian fellowship." I listened doubtfully, shrugged my shoulders, shut up my heart, and called it secretly a spasm. Candidly I told him that I did not like his sect, its shouts and groans, its methods and teachings; and that neither I nor my people could labor well with him and his. Like Abraham, but without the old

saint's largeness of heart, I bid him, as Lot, go his way and I would go mine. This was not like Christ; but, as Paul did, I sinned ignorantly in unbelief, and God had mercy on me. My brother begged me to come and see. I went. I saw young men, but a little while ago thoughtless and hardened, now bowing there at God's feet, and I said, "This is a divine work; only the Spirit could thus humble." So at once I laid all my bigotry, my prejudices, my conventionalisms, and my sectarianism in one black bundle at Christ's feet, and pledged myself to my brother, in my Master's name, to help him as the Lord should will. My own people were not alive; it seemed as if a little before, the blessing had been offered them and was not received: besides we had no place for public week-day meetings. Never dreaming but that they would more than approve of the step, and follow me as their Spiritual Shepherd, I went on calling to my sheep. Alas! they did not at first hear my own or their Master's voice; and I went on alone and unapproved. Sabbath night came, when my Methodist brother asked me to preach for him. I consented, there not being service with us. God gave me the right text: "Rejoice, O young man, etc." While I spoke, the veil was lifted, time fled away, and eternity with its judgment appeared. Oh God! I saw poor souls, precious more than myriad worlds, sweeping up thither without hope. My heart broke, it melted, it ran. So much did the power of truth and love flow together within, that I was like an over freighted bark nigh to sinking. Therefore, I cried out for God to stay his hand; for it seemed more than I could bear and live. It *was* stayed, but to my grief; for, though that night many souls were pricked and wounded, and though I went home peaceful at first, the light within was veiled, the chains around were renewed. Again, two evenings after, I preached. Ah! what damp, dripping walls, what cold, rusty links encircled me. No freedom, no fulness. Agonized in my study that night, I cried: "Lord, why is this? What sin, what difficulty,

walls THEE from my soul?" God replied: "That Sabbath night I was ready to answer your prayers,—to give you all your heart's desires. But two things you interposed:—First, your pride,—your personal, denominational, intellectual pride, stood in the way; you were not willing to seem or be accounted as a fool, yea, a fanatic, even, before that people. Then, again, you feared for your poor, weak body, wishing to save it up for yourself and your own people, to do a work for them; not knowing that if I had such a work to do by you, I could even raise you up from the dead; if not that it were better for you to die." Then I said "Lord, it is even so. With shame and grief I confess the evil; if, therefore, it be not now too late, and thou wilt return, bringing back that rejected gift, I will yield up my pride, my reputation, my life, my all, believing that thou wilt protect, provide, and sustain me." In that hour I let go my hold on self; my will was put into the hands of God. The evening before Sabbath came. Meantime I had peace again. Then we met,—disciples, young and old, to tell of love. It was a pleasant, cheerful meeting; no excitement whatever there, but a sweet, pervading breath of joy. At its close, souls were called to the altar. Then a neighboring Congregational brother spoke, telling his own experience. His word was powerful. As he exhorted, I stood beside the pastor, and my eye ranged over the souls yet unborn, many of whom I had warned, and prayed over in love. These, and others of my own flock, dead in sin, came to my thought. Alas! how dreadfully gleamed their guilt,—how luridly flashed their sins on my soul. The terror of their doom in unbelief blackened on my view. What if they should be lost? What a death must be theirs forever! At that moment a strange sensation filled me. My heart began, as it were, to collapse, and shrivel far within, like a parchment scroll in the flame. What spiritual agony was that! I turned to the pastor and said, "My brother, I am dying." "You are not sick, or faint?" he

asked. "Oh no," I answered; "my soul is sorrowful, even unto death; I shall fall." "No matter," he replied, "let go of yourself." I fell; instantly his arms embraced me. Then it seemed, (I say it *seemed*, not because it was not reality, for it *was*, deep, and intense; but because figures only, and those but faint, can express what imagination did *not do*,) it seemed as if a heart ten thousand times greater than my own, was projected into it, till it filled, swelled, cracked, burst, and scattered into pieces like an exploded bomb. Then came arms, as if infinite and omnipotent, passing up through my soul, and reaching towards those and other souls, with wide sweep gathering them up and bringing them into me, to press them through my soul, till, like a travelling woman, I writhed, and groaned, and cried. Then, as out on a broad sea of desolation and darkness, I was hurled, cast overboard, and sinking down, down, down, till a deep, majestic current came sweeping on, and surging me up high over the eternal shores where the Judgment throne was fixed. Ah! there it rose,—the Sinai of eternity, where blackness and darkness rolled in massive clouds, frightening the soul of sin. There, Holiness, Justice, and Truth reigned over the guilty. "Before Jehovah's awful throne" souls swept, receiving their doom. My soul was tortured with grief for them, as through that gloom a voice of divine wrath spoke in spiritual tones. "Tell them,—tell those unbelieving souls that here, if they come in sin, I will say to them, 'because I called and ye refused, I stretched out my hand and ye regarded not,' therefore your fear and desolation shall come as a whirlwind." I told them so. Some believed, some feared, while others mocked. All this while personal consciousness of time, place, and circumstances remained. Neither air nor water I wanted; for I was not faint, nor sick in body,—only in soul. At last the calm came, when prayer began. Then faith lived; then peace flowed. Souls yet unborn in fact, were seen passing through birth. Troubles, fears, anxieties,

doubts, cares, were all sunk in an ocean of love, and I was borne along in an ark of faith on the upper wave. They lifted me up; for I was weak of frame, though strong of soul. I spoke to them of unbelief; of the sin against the Holy Ghost, which I then saw; of the judgment to come; of the celestial home; of the eternal hell. Ah, it was the place of God's presence there,—the ante-chamber of the great future. Souls trembled and wondered. They took me home a wonder to many, not less a wonder to myself. It was all a new and strange thing to me, for I had never seen an instance of the so-called "power" which this was, although I had never doubted its reality. After sweet and tender prayer I laid down to rest. Nights before I had tossed and groaned till past midnight with a burning brain and a burdened heart, for my unawakened people; I thought it would be so again. Tomorrow the Sabbath was to dawn, and but an imperfect preparation made. At once I was stilled. God bade me, like a child, leave it all to him,—my body, my mind, my preaching, and my people; I did so. Almost instantly, like a tired babe embraced in love, I dropped into a slumber such as never before since childhood I have ever known for its sweetness and fullness. Long before dawn it ceased. Waking as by a touch, the Divine Spirit communed to my soul; bade me in clear, unmistakable language, what to do. Among many things that Sabbath night, I was to preach, at God's bidding, on the words, "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends." It must be in the Methodist Church. Though I had not been invited, my brother, on being told of it, recognized the divine direction. God promised to show me Christ's love as I had never before known it. That morning on rising, strength came into my frame. Oh, how like a giant's members mine seemed. It was Elijah's power,—or rather, like it. Never before had I felt so strong in body never, likewise, so clear in mind, so bold of

soul. Thus did I go to the sanctuary. My text was this: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out." God aided me in speech. He seemed to give me the spirit of one of the old prophets. I cried aloud and spared not, telling my people of their sins, seeing them at the judgment seat, and alarmed in soul at their danger. They looked aghast, and listened amazed. Some were frightened; others angered, while many deemed me crazed. Alas, they were as yet not raised enough above the earth to discern the Lord's presence. God knows,—and I am sure now,—that I was truly rational, though filled with a divine unction. Night came, and with it a crowd to the Methodist Church,—not to hear my poor speech, but drawn thither by the Unseen. I told them of Christ's love,—for it came to me then as a present reality,—an intense conception almost like a pictured vision. The Father's bosom opened, the life-star descending, the infant mangled, the wanderings and persecutions, the long, long trial of men's scorn, the bitter cup in Gethsemane, the cruel judgment, the piercing cross, the dark sepulchre, the coming forth and the passing away, all these appeared in clear, full view; all as tokens of love. Ah, such love, so marvellous, so infinite! But alas! the guilt so terrible of its rejection,—the baseness so damning of its despal! This made that love a terror to the soul of sin. Yes, this was the new light in which God showed to me Christ's love. It did not melt, but smote; it did not comfort, but condemn. Nevertheless, it saved; though Satan hissed, and said only evil was done. Now, then, came the power of that tempter. Next day complaints, censures, revilings, sunk like spears and arrows into the already wounded heart. Even woman, otherwise kind, reproached. They called the preacher wild and mad. Only a few spoke words of kindness. One chiefly, and most tenderly of all, was the brother who stood to receive the smitten. I said to him in anguish, "My brother, they pierce, they crucify me,—even my own people." "No matter," he replied, "so it was with the Lord." At my request, we went into his empty church, and sat down in the pulpit. I told him the sad story of all my past; of rebellions, and wanderings, and ambitions; of God's crosses and burdens upon me; of my unworthiness and nothingness, till the whole was unfolded. We agreed to a mutual consecration, and together knelt in prayer. He poured out his soul for me and my people, as for himself and his own. Then I opened my heart to God. At the very outset he took my soul into his hands, and bore me up to the presence of ineffable glory. Through this, the Spirit of His Son, with a clearness and definiteness of tone that spake with power, in my heart and through my lips, asked me for each, and every one of my life's cherished treasures;—"Will you give up to me your beloved wife, for me to take her from you if I will, by separation or death? Will you put your children, not their bodies only, but their minds into my hands, willing to have them know nothing, and be nothing, if that shall glorify me? Will you employ all your time, and devote all your talents, even the smallest and seemingly most useless, to my service? Will you resign your reputation, personal and professional to me, so that, if I require, you may be disgraced, contemned,—even by your friends and brethren, as by the world? Will you part with your people, ready to suffer reproach from them, and be discarded by the most attached? Will you yield to me your few possessions, your books, and your home, that you may become destitute and shelterless? All, *all*, ALL, will you now and forevermore, without condition, without reservation, without any expectation of earthly good, without any return but my own life, consecrate thus yourself and your all to me? Ah, Lord, how those questions came with searching, sifting power! They burnt into my bones; they eat my flesh;

they flayed my heart. I plead with God, and reasoned with him at every step, to let me keep but one gift. No! all or none! I yielded all, and he took all. Oh, in that hour I felt like an outcast seaman, left on a desert island in mid-ocean. Inwardly I suffered the loss of all things, more keenly than if outwardly they had been in reality taken away; for then I had still retained the affection and anticipation of them. But now all ties of life were broken, all interests of time lost, all joys of earth quenched. God's great hand seemed driven into my breast; his fingers grappled my heart, and twined with its inmost fibres. Then I felt as if he had torn it out, and held it up, bleeding at every pore, and quivering to its centre, to scathe and peel it, to cut it into shreds, to blow it all away. I had no heart of nature left. When this was done, the voice said, "Go now and preach my gospel, baptizing men with Truth and Love, in power." In that hour my future spread before me; my path of duty lay plain, and my mission henceforth was definite to my view. In that hour I saw before me in the world, only tribulations, sneers, censures, oppositions; but in Christ, I beheld inwardly, truth, love, and divine glory as mine. That was the "sealing of the Spirit." Under that process, a fiery ordeal indeed, I cried like a babe torn from its mother's heart. I sobbed like an orphan at the grave of both parents. I shrieked like a wounded frame under the surgeon's blade. That was the "death of nature," begun at least, if not completed; the serpent's head crushed, his fang bruised, and his life smothered,—though his form might coil, and his tail rattle till the sundown of life. All hopes, all ambitions, all interests, all affections, everything of life, then stripped off, passed completely into God's hands. That was the "inward crucifixion,"—"the circumcision of the heart." The will of self then fell into the will of God, as a rain-drop or snow-flake falls into the sea, and becomes a part of its current. Thus began the union of the

human soul with the divine nature. What were the results of all this? Let others speak of those external to myself. Nothing do I see to glory in or commend. Only of that which is within can I tell, and that imperfectly. At first I felt as if a besieged city, overcome and prostrate, lay in my life, amid ruins; as if a dissected frame were mine, yet intensely alive and sensitive to every touch of evil, every word of error. Men frowned, and I wept; lips cursed, and I warned. One thing was still needed after that burning,—the anointing of love, the oil of God, to soothe the seared humanity. It came slowly; out of the dark sepulchre the smitten frame rose; into the sad, broken heart life began to breathe. From the scattered fragments of the old, God built up the New Jerusalem, a temple within more glorious than the first. Physically, the extremities of my frame were still endowed with what seemed superhuman strength, yet at the centre, in the heart's place, all was vacancy and weakness, as if a sword had there divided me in twain. Intellectually, thought was quickened and intensified, conceptions of truth were clear and strong, speech was fuller and truer; only the old habitudes of mind hampered the utterance. The former poetic and ornate sentences, which gave pleasure to the earthly taste, with just enough truth in them to save from damnation, were gone to ashes, burned up as hay, wood, and stubble. In their place, plain speech, simple thought, yea, even sometimes common-place expression entered, displeasing to minds who think that popularity and success with ministers depend upon beauty, and not upon truth. Preaching became and now is attractive, glorious. The Sabbaths come not often, and nigh enough. Study, and prayer, and converse on religious themes, are an intense delight unceasingly. The interests of earth excite but little; it is child's play to talk of or attend to them. Time is a shortened duration in which all the energies must be enlisted to the utmost. Oh! it is a glory thus to live! I never knew before what that term "*glory*"

meant. It has been like the flashings of a rocket wheel, expiring in the moment that it shines. Now it is the pathway of suns, the sweep of comets through my soul's firmament. Night and day God *realizes* himself to my soul. Spiritually, this life is indeed beyond description; truly, its peace passes understanding; its joy is unspeakable. Amid trials, tests of faith and sincerity, which God has brought to me over and over again, by seeming death agonies of my beloved, by insults to my face, and slanders at my back; by desertions and distresses multiplied and severe, I am still kept sustained by all sufficient grace, with the harmonies of God's truth, the great choruses of his promises in my soul, with the pulsations of love in deepening tides beating evermore into my central life. God be praised. The Tempter comes, hisses with hate, allures with smiles, assails with questionings. In vain. Knowing that victory is sure, though the battle is keen, I am never overwhelmed. Blessed be God, who causeth me to triumph. Though weaknesses, defects, and infirmities abound; though ignorance, and failure, and difficulty, retard,—the step is progressive, the movement upward. How can I unfold all the sweet, transcendent blessings of this new life in Christ? Dark passions, appetites, and propensities, keen bitternesses and vain suspicions, all the host of inner evils that before only cowed under the foot of will or the frown of truth, that slept amid worldly peace, but were wakened in power at the touch of temptation, where are they? God only knows. He has taken them in hand, making the wolf dwell with the kid, the leopard with the lamb; the calf, the young lion, and the fatling together, and the little child Jesus leads them. God shall use them all for his glory. I aspire after no applause of men; it is as painful now as once it was pleasing. I shrink from sight. Only by the definite will of God, I give this record. Like Abraham, I take this only and beloved child of my heart to the top of Moriah, where, bound on the altar, a knife of earth in my own hand

may slay it, if God so will. Whatever he commands I obey, though it be to stand in the fire with the Three. Ah! I know that the form of the Fourth will be there, and that the smell of fire even shall not be found upon me. If God be with me who can be against me? If Christ be my *All*, how can I need more? No! the world may take from me all its own, I claim and need it not. The church, yet half-born, in the twilight of the valley may grope and doze, may cast the spawn and slime of its earth-life along my path; my soul shall be cleansed therefrom by the ever-cleansing blood of Him who walked that path before; my feet shall tread the air as though they were wings, and the mountain tops only shall be my stepping-stones of glory, my ascension-ladder to the mid-heaven of God's great city. There and thence I shall cry, "O, Church of God! O, souls on whose lintel the blood of Christ is sprinkled, be ye wholly cleansed! Zion, arise! Israel come out of Egypt, pass from the wilderness, possess the land of rest in the blaze of God's shekinah, and shout, 'Enter thou, O Lord, with us, and dwell in thy Temple evermore. Amen.'"

"There is no food for soul or body which God has not symbolized. He is light for the eye, sound for the ear, bread for food, wine for weariness, peace for trouble. Every faculty of the soul, if it would but open its door, might see Christ standing over against it, and silently asking by his smile, "Shall I come in unto thee?" But men open the door and look down, and not up, and thus they see him not. So it is that men sigh on, not knowing what the soul wants, but only that it needs something. Our yearnings and home-sicknesses for heaven; our sighings are for God, just as children that cry themselves asleep away from home, and sob in their sleep, know not that they sob for their parents. The soul's inarticulate moanings are the affections yearning for the Infinite, and having no one to tell them what it is that ails them." — *H. W. Beecher.*

[Original.]

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
Oppressed by sin, our mortal foe,
And sorrow, toil, and pain;
We sometimes sigh for that blessed shore,
Where we shall taste of grief no more,
And sin shall cease to reign.

Transporting thought! a home above,
To bask forever in the love
Of "Christ, our sacrifice;"
We'll there our grateful voices raise,
And vie with angels in his praise,
And feast our ravished eyes.

Yet we will say, "Thy will be done;"
Go gladly with to-morrow's sun,
Or wait our three-score years,
To labor till our master come;
Or suffer till he calls us home,
And wipe away our tears.

Then let Him take our idols all,
And drape our heart in sorrow's pall,
If he reveals his face;
Though in the lion's den we bide,
Or in the fiery furnace tried,
We still will sing his praise.

Cleveland, June 27, 1858.

[Original.]

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

BY E. L. E.

It was for one of the earliest of these beautiful October days that a meeting was appointed at the house of an aged member of the church, whose protracted infirmities had for many years prevented her attendance on religious worship. It was to be a communion season—a privilege she had long desired; and one which, for her sake, had been anticipated with particular pleasure. A short ride through the brilliant autumn woods took us to the place,—a quiet, rustic spot;—such, I could not help thinking, as Jesus would have loved to pause in, and leave his benediction, "Peace!" I had been reading in the morning the story of his wondrous life, as he walked with the Judeans, and shed the blessings of his infinite compassion upon the sick and the

infirm, the possessed of devils, and the sorrowing. The character of the Redeemer had never seemed more lovely,—his great mission never more God-like in its conception or fulfilment; and as I sat in the twilight dimness of that old-fashioned apartment, over which the thick cloud of a thunder shower was brooding, the pastor's text, as he announced it in the language of the inquiring Greeks, was but the cry of my own heart,—*"We would see Jesus!"*

He spoke briefly and to our hearts, of seeing Jesus with our spiritual perceptions, and enumerated seasons in which the sight of Jesus would be peculiarly dear to the believer. In times of darkness, when the soul, long tried and tempted, weeps before its God; in days of sickness and calamity; and in the hour when nothing earthly can afford the departing spirit consolation, oh, then the view of Jesus, as he comes by faith unto the soul, is brighter than the dawning of morning after a night of dreariness,—fairer than the return of spring after the winter's gloom.

A prayer was offered, and then the bread was broken, and the wine poured out, in memory of that Jesus whose presence our yearning hearts had implored, and in token of our fellowship as members of his family. We were but twelve; and with the One, unseen of human eye, just the number assembled in that "upper room." Our hearts were full of sweet remembrances of that first sacred supper, and of sweeter anticipations of the coming feast when no question of betrayal shall agitate the guests, and no one has need to ask, "Lord, is it I?" The aged disciple was tenderly remembered in the pastor's petition; our hearts invoked in silence a blessing for her household, and so we parted. As we withdrew from that lowly roof, we trust that each partaker in the humble worship, in one sense could say, "I have seen Jesus!"

I have thought much since that afternoon of the request of the inquiring Greeks. It has come to me in every hour of duty or repose; and often when alone, the sweet

word finds utterance at my lips,—“We would see Jesus!”

Perhaps it is not unusual for the Christian to have seasons when his thoughts dwell almost wholly with his Savior, and he feels a tender eagerness to read, and hear, and speak alone of him. There is, may be, something of a loving curiosity to know all that can be known of his sad history, as the “Man Christ Jesus.” Imagination pictures him in all the dignity, and beauty, and power of his strange humanity—a dweller in the humble abodes of lowly men, stooping to raise the most abject of mortal sinners, yet wearing in his divine presence the majesty of more than earthly king. The history of Jesus has been all our life a familiar tale; it was told us in the cradle, and we chanted it from the lesson-book at school; it is rehearsed from every pulpit, and speaks in every page of the one Book that lies always beside us on the table; and yet, to the heart imbued with the spirit of the subject, it has ever a freshness and a beauty which every record of human genius or excellence has failed to possess.

There is a holy magic in the name of Jesus. How almost like an instinct we turn to that dear name, when the sources of earthly hope and pleasure are cut off, and the disappointed heart shrinks back into its own weakness and sorrow! We whose infancy was taught to reverence the name of Jesus, could hardly wander in our hearts so far from him but that the sound of the once sacred word would at some time thrill our souls with awe, and fear, and trust.

A lady who had made a profession of religion in early youth, after some years fell into a back-slidden state, and at last came to consider herself quite an unbeliever—almost an infidel. She seemed to have become perfectly dead to spiritual things, utterly indifferent to the claims of her Redeemer. She even experienced a dislike of hearing the name of Christ, and so far had the evil of her heart perverted her

understanding, that she failed to see a clear evidence of the truths of revelation, or to discern the marvellous excellence of the character of Jesus. Such a skepticism was the form in which Satan assailed her soul, and which held her in a fearful spell of coldness and error. One day she was visiting a Christian acquaintance, when the subject of conversation turned upon Christ. Presently her friend produced a tattered bit of old newspaper, preserved for its containing a description of the person of our Savior, which assumed to have been written by a Roman President, during the time of Christ's public ministry. The lady read the brief account, and though doubting the authenticity of the document, read again. Strange sensations passed through her whole being. She felt the blood tingle and throb through her veins, and flush her cheeks; and but for the presence of others she would have given vent to her feelings in weeping. It was like receiving a fresh message in his own handwriting, from a dear friend so long dead that the mist of forgetfulness was gathering over her heart, and every word was to her. This sudden burst of passionate feeling quite upset the confidence she had felt in her own disbelief. She began to inquire if she could so easily renounce the faith her mother taught her, and what was the mysterious charm of that name which had so strangely moved her. She did not at once seek reconciliation with the grieved and offended friend, but she could no longer make herself believe that she at least had no confidence in the claims of Jesus; and that unexpected sight of Jesus was a haunting idea in her thoughts, until she found peace and forgiveness in his blood.

It is well to look for Jesus with all the eyes of all our being; with the eye of intellect as we would look at any other man, reasoning about him, comparing, arranging, and remembering our knowledge of his history, his character, and the principles of his most righteous government and law; with the eye of faith, which sees in Jesus just

what the Scriptures claim for him,—the Man-God in whom are combined all the characteristics of a perfect humanity, with the glories of Deity,—the Savior and Redeemer of fallen men,—the intercessor with the Father, the Shepherd, the Brother, and the Lover of his people,—of faith that discerns his providence in all the arrangements of our earthly life, and looks forward to the mansions preparing in his heaven,—of faith that receives without doubt or question, whatever of truth or of human experience he may offer for our acceptance, and that trusts without a murmur where the reason of his doings is veiled in mystery.

Has the heart eyes with which to look on Jesus? It is the heart which cries for such a sight, or other asking is vain. It neither coldly reasons, or coldly believes. It loves with ardor, adores with rapture, and obeys with zeal. The heart's question is what Jesus loves to answer. No suppliant heart was ever spurned from Jesus' feet. Come, then, ye who need and want, and entreat with loving reverence, this desire of many eyes. Are you sick and sorrowful for sin? he will show himself a healer to your heart. Are you grieved with earth, and longing for a better trust? listen to his tender "Come unto me:" no one ever answered that call, but saw his Jesus ready to fold him to his heart. Is earth yet beautiful? ask still for Jesus, and a richer beauty, a more divine glory, will be revealed unto your soul.

The true believer will often ask for Jesus in deep and earnest prayer. He will find some place of retirement, and there disburden himself of the cares which daily press upon his spirit; he will break the earth-charm that had so fascinated thought and desire, and in pleading, melting request and thankfulness, will draw Jesus to his bosom. There will his spiritual vision be purified, his spiritual love be quickened, his faith exalted; and he will come forth from his retirement with Jesus by his side,—Jesus in his heart. There, above all others,

is the place to look for Jesus; there is obtained that perception of his character and offices, which bring him into such intimate spiritual relations with his people; this is that sight of Jesus for which we weep and pray.

Yes, I have seen Jesus; I have followed him in all his pilgrimage on earth, from his wondrous advent in the town of David, through toil, and love, and sorrow, to the rich man's tomb, and then up to the last glimpse of the ascending God; and have wept abundantly whenever the Teacher spoke to assembled thousands the words of eternal life, or the Healer showed his mercy to the sufferer, without one touch of sorrow in the tears; and I have, I trust, at Jesus' cross, looked up with repentant weeping, when humble faith could say, "Lord, I believe," and yet unsatisfied thought, faith, and love exclaim, "We would see Jesus!"

[Selected.]

GOD CALLING YET.

God calling yet! and shall I never hearken,
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken?
This passing life, these passing joys, all flying,
And still my soul in dreamy slumber lying!

God calling yet! and I not yet arising!
So long his faithful, loving voice despising,
So falsely his unwearied love repaying,
He beckons still, and still I am delaying.

God calling yet! loud at my door is knocking,
And I my heart, my ear, still firmer locking!
He yet is willing, ready to receive me,
Is waiting now; but ah! he soon may leave me.

God calling yet! and I no answer giving!
I dread his yoke, and am in bondage living.
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken;
He calls me still; O, my poor heart, awaken!

Surrender all, all to his care confiding;
Where but with him are rest and peace abiding?
Unloose, unloose, brake earthly bonds asunder,
And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder.

God calling! I can no longer tarry,
Nor to my God a heart divided carry.
O, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken!
Sweeter than all, the voice of God hath spoken.

[Original.]

THE LEGACY—ITS CONDITIONS.

BY J. P. J.

"My peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." John xiv: 27.

"The work of righteousness shall be peace." Isaiah xxxii: 17.

"Occupy till I come." Luke xix: 13.

THE work of righteousness shall be peace in a very eminent degree even here on earth, the abode of conflict, and even in this life of probation and trial. But it is a very remarkable fact, testified by the experience of thousands, that those who have been most fully convinced that this is not a place of rest, and who have been made willing to yield all thoughts of it here, have found most of the rest of faith. The legacy of peace has become theirs, as they have been enabled to resign worldly things. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." The more fully they have consented to the promised tribulation, the more fully they have received the promised peace. "These tribulations are a part of the work of righteousness, which shall be peace. The flesh and its desires, its tastes, and preferences, oppose the entrance of that peace which can only be fully received and enjoyed by the meek and lowly in heart. These obstacles must be removed, before the heirs can be fully entrusted with the divine legacy, the pearl of great price. For, can this pearl find its way into a casket crowded with other things? And if it did, would not its beauty be marred or itself be crushed by the pressure? Every anxious care would bruise it. Can you not see now why the condition, "Be careful for nothing," is annexed to the promise: "And the peace of God, which passeth understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds?" No; this royal jewel, this divine legacy, purchased at the sacrifice of all that this world contains, and even life itself, cannot be possessed by the worldly-minded professor, neither by those "who are in friendship with the enemy of God,"—James iv: 4. It must not only have a heart cleansed for its dwelling-place, but a heart

emptied of care. Care is generally considered harmless, and hence we sometimes see believers, whom the "pleasures and riches of this world" would be powerless to entice from the path of duty, overwhelmed with care about lawful things. But these lawful things become unlawful, when they attain power to disturb our peace by over anxiety. Remember that the cares, equally with the riches and pleasures of the world, "choked out the good seed, so that they brought no fruit to perfection."—Luke viii: 14. So then it is not only a hindrance to our peace, but an obstacle to our perfection. Are you troubled? Then you are praying for peace. Are you seeking sanctification? Then you are "crying without ceasing" for holiness, and with strong desire your whole being goes out after it. Perhaps you have laid your pleasures and possessions upon the altar; but there is still an obstacle. Now lay your cares there. "Be careful for nothing." This is not opposed to a prudent and pious diligence; to the contrary, it often prevents burdensome care. But let not too much advantage be taken even of this admission. For the covetous man will carry it to the extent of getting all that he can, and keeping all that he can get. The ambitious man would think it very prudent care to get all the honor he can; he would even apologize to himself, by thinking he could render more service to God. But "be not deceived; God is not mocked." "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only." How can ye believe in the necessity of humility to the full extent of gospel teaching, while the sin of ambition still deludes you into the belief that you are seeking the honor of God when you are seeking your own. How can you believe then who receive honor of one another? is impossible that you should even believe in the necessity of attaining to that humble mind which was in Christ Jesus, "who made himself of no reputation." Here then is another obstacle to the work of righteousness, which shall be peace; this

over-anxiety or carefulness about things with which a Christian ought to have no concern. But perhaps you will say, I am not concerned about much honor, but about my fair fame, which has been injured by misrepresentation. In the first place, was it misrepresentation suffered in a righteous cause? If so, be meek enough to listen to the master, and be lowly enough to receive his prescription. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." Rejoice and be exceeding glad. Have they said all manner of evil against you? and have you been exceeding glad? No; they have said but little evil, and yet you have been exceeding sad. You thought you were only mortified, because unjustly accused; but do you not see you had too much love of approbation, when you could be so troubled? Do you not see that this anxious desire to keep what honor you had, is as much a branch of the sinful root, ambition, as the pride that desired more. If the root had been dead, how could you feel?—the dead cannot feel. Perhaps this was the only thing that hindered your full consecration, and perhaps this very thing might have prevented your confession with the mouth of the salvation that had been already wrought in your heart. "Therefore be exceedingly glad that this only 'thorn' in your peace, has been extracted by probing the wound more deeply." If you have arrived at this state, your wound will be soon and forever healed. "Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be afraid of their revilings." "But sanctify the Lord of hosts, and let him be your dread, and let him be your fear, and he shall be for a sanctuary." "For the fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." "Before honor is humility." Payson said: "I never was anything until I consented to become nothing." Now do not fall into the snare of one whom I knew, who strove to consent to become nothing, that he might become something. Pride is the most deceitful of all sins, and the most difficult to extinguish. It is a protean prin-

ciple that assumes any and every shape and disguise, to avoid detection and arrest. It will even take refuge in humility, and be proud because it is humble. None but those who have found out its secret coverts and subtle refuges in their own hearts, and have crucified its hydra-headed image, can know the extent of its hindering power "to the work of righteousness, which is peace." Peace and pride cannot dwell in the same breast. It is an impossibility. It is the very swine which treads the pearl of peace beneath its feet in the mire of worldly desires. It is as great a hindrance to peace in the man of taste, as in the ambitious and the covetous. He has not the peace of contentment in having food and raiment sufficient for his necessities. (Tim. vi: 6-12.) He would like to have his house better furnished, and to see his family better dressed. The gratification of his taste is in some degree necessary to his comfort; because this root of pride is not yet crucified. He expects to have part of his heaven here. If this desire disturbs his peace it is sinful, and he is in this thing like Bunyan's Allegory of "Passion, who must have her good things here, but Patience is willing to wait for hers." It would take a volume to record the history of pride even in a single heart. There is the pride of intellect, pride of taste, pride of dress, pride of living, pride of preaching, pride of working, pride of speech, and even pride of piety. These fleshly lusts are the "little foxes that spoil the vines," (Song of Solomon ii: 15.) so "that they bring no fruit to perfection;" "for the pride of life is not of the Father." (1st John, ii: 15, 16, 17.) There is nothing that so much wars against our divine legacy as pride; and if Christians cannot be at peace until they have satisfied all its demands, they will never find it here. The luxuriant vine that goes beyond gospel length and breadth needs much pruning before it will "bring forth fruit unto perfection." "They will not frame their doings to turn unto the Lord," was a favorite text of Dr. Chalmers. When the branches grow beyond the gospel frame, it

is a part of the work of the vine-dresser to curtail them. This legacy did not include luxury, but only food and raiment; (Math. vi: 31, 34.) therefore the part of the vine that hangs over the wall of competence must be cut off. By co-operation with the Spirit we might prevent this. We may plead for our indulgences, and even try to excuse ourselves on scriptural grounds, but, nevertheless, "God is not mocked;" for he that soweth to the flesh (or the pride of life) shall reap corruption." But by spiritual co-operation we may "sow to the Spirit," for "we are laborers together with God," both for ourselves and others. Peace only dwells in the humble heart. The work of righteousness is only complete in proportion to the work of humility. Many will say when suffering under losses, privations, disappointments, and humiliations, "If I could only be certain that this is for the Lord, I could be content to suffer." But consider; must he not remove your false rest, to fit you for the reception of true peace. Then, if this is a part of his work to that end, it is for the Lord. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." What a pattern, and what a teacher! Here was indeed a pattern of perfect and disinterested love and humility. He took the lowest place, led a life of privation, and poverty, and sorrow, under the law of public opinion, and for his good received revilings and persecutions, without a hope of reward, not for himself, but for others.

"My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

"Be thou my pattern—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine."

Paul arrived nearest this humility when he said, "I am willing to spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love, the less I be loved. (2d Cor. xii: 15.) Some would say, "But his reward was sure

hereafter; and is not ours equally sure, unless we, like Esau, forfeit our spiritual birth-right by preferring the indulgence of our fleshly appetites? But "the work of righteousness which shall be peace," is not the complete ascendancy of spiritual life in our own hearts alone. There is a work to be done for others. "And to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." "Be ye therefore doers, and not hearers of the word only, deceiving your own selves." See how intimately these scriptures are connected. "My peace I give unto you." "The Son of man came to seek and save that which was lost." "Occupy till I come." (Luke, xix: 10, 13.) "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also." The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance for ever. He has left us a legacy, and also a work; the performance of the one is the condition of the reception of the other. He gives to all who will receive. Obedience is the receptive act; disobedience is positive rejection of the divine legacy. The disobedient believer cannot have uninterrupted peace, neither the selfish servant who would bury the grace he has received; for when it became unprofitable to others, it also yielded no reward to himself. (Math. xxv: 18, 30.) "He was commanded to put his light upon the table that it might give light to all that were in the house," but he put it under a bushel, and a smothered light must go out. (Matt. v: 15, 16; Luke xi: 33, 35.) "Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness." "For if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light." Beware, then, of the two-eyed piety that casts one eye on the good things of this world and one on the next. Those who attempt the double service of God and mammon, make unto themselves and others many stumbling-blocks. To the single-eyed Christian, the candle of the gospel shines with a bright and unextinguishable light, directing him surely

"in the narrow path," which he finds a path of pleasantness and peace. There are no stumbling-blocks in this path, it is a path of light. At every turning point there is a word saying "this is the way; walk ye in it." "Ask for the old paths where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." (Jer. vi: 16.) Learn this path of me, for "I am meek and lowly." Learn of this example "written in living characters," that self-indulgence is not the narrow path; "Knowing this that our old man must be crucified, that the body of sin might be destroyed." (Rom. vi: 6.) "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these two are contrary, the one to the other." Therefore this crucifixion is a necessary part of "the work of righteousness, which is peace," for there can be no permanent, abiding, perfect peace, where there are two elements constantly in conflict. And they that are mentioned as Christ's, upon whom the whole work of redemption has been accomplished, "have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts." "This I say then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." "But put ye on the Lord Jesus, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." (Gal. v: 16, 17, 24, 25; Rom. xiii: 14.) "Ye that are seeking holiness, have ye consented to the way of the cross? If ye have not, ye seek in vain." "Therefore, my brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials," "knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience." "And patience must have her perfect work," "that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." "That ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." (James i: 2, 3, 4; Rom. v: 3, 4; Coloss. iv: 12.)

No affliction would trouble a child of God if he but knew God's reason for sending it.

LEAD ME IN THY TRUTH.

BY CARRIE THRASHER.

FATHER, let Thy Spirit guide me,
Let thy hand my weakness stay ;
I am frail, afflicted, weary ;
Lead me in the holy way.

I would not attempt, my Father,
To mark out the course to move
By my feeble, finite finger,
But submit me to thy love.

Lead me, Father, for without Thee,
Erring, I shall fall away ;
Guide me, or I soon shall wander,
From the pure and holy way.

Thou hast promised me thy presence,
Thou hast left these words for me :
"Lo, my child, I'm with thee alway,
Till I call thee unto Me."

Thanks to thee for this sweet promise,
I will trust my soul with Thee ;
In Thy hand I'm safe from danger,
With Thy love, from fear I'am free.

Help me, Father, thus to trust Thee
Long as life's short day shall last,
Then in Heaven I'll rise to praise Thee,
When these earthly scenes are past.
Taunton, 1858.

[Original.]

ANGEL CURIOSITY.

BY A STUDENT.

"Which things the angels desire to look into."

WE do not find the least indication that the angels are to be thought presuming, because they desire to look into mysteries beyond their comprehension. But it is to be remembered that we have no reason to think they are ever unreconciled to the limitations of their knowledge; that things unseen to them, or uninvestigated by them, are subjects upon which they are unbelieving. Not so with us, beings of a lower grade. If we stopped with greater reverence at the evident boundaries of our present field of investigation, we would be more like the angels above us. They desire to look into the mysteries of redemption, but they wait with patience, until, per-

adventure, a day may be given them in which the subject shall be opened to their vision. We desire to look into the mysteries of that eternity which is the life morning of angels, and the third hour of the day with earth emigrants; and because we cannot understand the peculiarities of the place, and the mode of transfer thither; because we cannot see, or hear, or touch the spirit, as it leaves the body; and because we cannot hear some word coming back to us, as we hear earthly sounds, we are sometimes ready to doubt the whole matter. O let not an angel know that there is ever the breath of a doubt upon the reality of the existence of spirit, separate from the body, breathed within us. We are ashamed of it before an angel, when we think of it. We are ashamed of it before God; but he knows our weakness better than man or angel does. He knoweth our frame, and that we are but dust; and that the machinery works badly sometimes. He knows how much to attribute to flesh, and how much to spirit, in any case of blindness with us. We judge not our own selves in some cases, and in others we do. As to voluntarily attempting to pry into what we know God has not left open for our present investigation, we judge ourselves to be innocent of it, if consciousness is the correct witness that it has ever been, by common consent in heaven and earth. But how far we should yield to the drawings of our interest in those who once lived with us here, when they so mysteriously go away from us into that vast eternity; and how far we should try to follow them; in other words, how strongly we should try to hold on to them, and try to keep them in our circle of existence, or be carried by them into their circle of existence,—these are questions. I do not mean to say that how much we should try to do this by outward signs, is a question. I do not think there is much room for question in the matter. If a departed spirit looks upon such attempts at all, it looks upon them as upon children at play, reaching

out their hands to take hold of unseen hands in air. But it is the mental effort to go to eternity while our bodies remain here, to get some perception of the state and mode of existence there, so that we can intelligibly feel the communion of life with our glorified loved ones—it is this upon which we question. So far is certain, that we should try to extend our vision into the unknown, no further than will have a healthy reaction upon our minds, taken as they are, together with the body. Yet we are not always wise enough to stop here. We need to be in a state of great passivity before God, lest we transcend the limitations which he has given us in our very natures. But there is a difference. The nature of one needs restraint in these things, and the nature of another needs excitement to them. God alone knows how to regulate each. Each must look for his direction and control, or not be in safety.

December, 1858.

“NOT FAR, BUT NEAR.”

I SANG:

“There is a happy land,
Far, far away.”

“Oh no,” she replied, “not far, ’tis near now.” And then she smiled and seemed to see something. Soon after, she gently raised her hand and whispered: “Come,” and then passed away with the angels.—
[Oberlin Evangelist.]

“Oh no, not far, but nearer
Its heavenly shores appear;
Its walls look brighter, clearer,
And angels hover near.
Hark! to the music swelling
From yonder shining throng;
My Savior’s love they’re telling
And soon I’ll join their song.
I love thee, sister dearest,
And sadly leave thee here;
But Christ, whose voice thou hearest,
Will bring thee safely there.
But oh, how dark ’tis growing,
And I am faint and numb;
Yes, sister, now I’m going,—
Come, blessed Jesus, come!”

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. THOMAS H. DAVIES.

Lines prompted by hearing Mrs. P. Palmer speak at Sackville, N. B., on the beautiful theme of Christian Holiness.

Oh where can just Heaven in our world *beauty* view?

In her fair landscapes and her fields bright with dew?

Does it shine on her mountains in the morn's early ray?

Or the painting of clouds as the sun sinks away?

Is it found in her forests with verdure arrayed, In color and form harmoniously displayed,

Where the birds of rich plumage glance swift on the wing,

And a pure song of praise to their Maker oft sing?

Is it found painted fair on the soft cheek of youth,

Where every sweet smile seems the language of truth?

Ah! the *smile* and the *frown* the same visage share,—

A heaven loved holiness we cannot find there.

Is it written so plain on manhood's fair brow, That an angel from heaven might to God's image bow?

Ah! oft in the many can the workings be seen Of a soul sadly marred,—a heart all unclean.

Is heaven's own beauty with the fairest, aye found,—

The daughters of Eve who grace our world's ground?

The trifles that many of these now pursue, But too plainly declare they God never knew!

When earth is enrobed with the garments of night,

And sees them all spangled with stars pure and bright,

Is the beauty that makes all paradise fair—

The beauty of God, in true holiness there?

This beauty was seen by the pure angel throng, When God's mighty hand laid earth's mountains strong;

They saw it in man, in the sun and the shade,

And the earth 'neath his feet was in pureness arrayed.

Oh when shall they see it again in the race,

Not formed as in Adam, but flowing from *grace*?

When the blood of atonement by faith all shall share,

The angels of God will love to dwell there.

When the Church in a robe of purity drest, Shall lean in strong love on her dear Savior's breast,

The world at the sight shall more strongly believe

The worth of religion, and its joys too receive.

O Zion, too faithless, arise in love strong, Sing in the ear of the world Redemption's new song;

A lay of salvation from sin, death, and hell, Shall then o'er the earth in a strong chorus swell.

The world in these days shall the first Christians view,

And give their Redeemer the praise to him due, For planting rich graces in earth's barren ground Where Gods' purely loved and paradise found.

Then the pots in God's house shall ever be clean;*

The bells on the horses salvation's sounds mean; Man redeemed from all foes, his Maker's love share,

And the world, in its people, God's image shall bear.

Point de Bute, N. B., }
13th Nov., 1858. }

* Zachariah xiv : 20.

DEATH WITHOUT FEAR.

THE following were the dying words of Mr. Wm. M'Lean, of Edinburg, a man of exemplary piety :—

"Come, stingless death, have o'er; lo! here's my pass,

In bloody characters, by Him who was And is, and shall be. Jordan, cut thy stream; Make channels dry; I bear my Father's name Stamped on my brow. I'm ravished with my crown,

It shines so bright! Down with all glory, down, That worlds can give; I see the pearly port— The golden street where blessed souls resort.

The tree of life, floods gushing from the Throne, Call me to joys; begone, short woes, begone!

I lived to die, but now I die to live!

I do enjoy more than I did believe;

The promise me into possession sends,

Earth in fruition, hope in glory ends,"

The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A DEAR brother, who signs his name L. M. S., proposes the following:—"Will a person in the enjoyment of perfect love always have a clear witness of it? and if so, in what does that witness consist?"

Here are two questions, which must be answered separately. It will be necessary to look at the latter first, since before we can decide whether the evidences of a clean heart are intended to be perpetually given, we must ascertain what facts constitute the witness of present purity of heart.

There are two classes of evidence that a man is holy; one, the facts of his life as they are seen by observers—his pursuits, his tempers, his spirit, his very tones and gestures bear witness of the grace that is in him, and declare to all, but most emphatically to those who know him best, the work which grace has wrought in his soul. But we suppose our brother to have respect to the other class of facts, namely:—those which appear to the perceptions of the heart itself, when it is wholly sanctified by grace. Commonly, the evidence which comes first to the soul that it is really purified, is what we may call a *consciousness* of purity, accompanied with a perfect rest or repose in the will of God. Some have seemed to lose their struggle, and all their agony of desire after purity of heart, by gradually sinking, in a manner they knew not how, into a state of such tranquillity; such deep interior silence of spirit, accompanied by such a conscious cleaving of the affections to God, and such complete satisfaction of all the wishes in the contemplation of the divine glory, that the attention has at first been caught altogether away from themselves, and they have been so absorbed in the glory of God, that for a little time there was no recurrence of the attention of the soul to the question of its own spiritual state. When it has occurred to such persons afterwards to ask themselves, "Where am I?" they have not always had their attention drawn to the exercises just named, as in themselves conclusive evidences that all impurity is washed away, and that God has indeed taken entire possession of their nature. Yet thus they are undoubt-

edly to be regarded. We believe every Christian who really enjoys entire deliverance from the carnal mind, has more or less all along, though he may not always have in the same degree, this *consciousness* of present purity; this continual seeking and finding the centre of all his hopes and all his desires in God.

There are two states of the mind closely allied to the one alluded to above. One is what Mr. Fletcher calls recollection. Writing to Miss Hatton, he says,—“You ask from me some directions to get a mortified spirit. To get this, get recollection. Recollection is a dwelling within ourselves; being abstracted from the creature and turned toward God. It is both outward and inward. Outward recollection consists in silence from all idle and superfluous words, and a wise disentanglement from the world; keeping to our own business, observing and following the order of God for ourselves, and shutting the ear against all curious and unprofitable matters. Inward recollection consists in shutting the door of the senses, in a deep attention to the presence of God, and in continual care of entertaining holy thoughts for fear of spiritual idleness. Through the power of the Spirit, let this recollection be steady, even in the midst of hurrying business; let it be calm and peaceful, and let it be lasting. To maintain this recollection, beware of entering too deeply, and beyond what is necessary, into outward things; beware of suffering your affections to be entangled by worldly vanities, your imagination to amuse itself with unprofitable objects, and of indulging yourself in the commission of what are called small faults.”

The state of mind described by Mr. Fletcher in the foregoing extract, is one that may, in a good degree, be perpetuated in the experience of any one who will be at the pains to cultivate and keep it. It is the very soul of watchfulness and keeps the heart that has it instantly ready to work, or suffer, or pray, or die. The prevalence of the state of mind here described, we should consider evidence not to be doubted that the heart is clean.

The other state, or rather exercise alluded to, is that described by Bramwell under the name of "*burning love*." He says he aims always to remain long enough in his closet to obtain this glowing sensation of love in the heart—this burning of holy desire after God. To one who has never felt it, it is, perhaps, impossible to describe what Mr. Bramwell means; but to our brother, whose question we

are attempting to answer, and to most of our readers, this language is entirely clear; we do not doubt. The disciples who had been enjoying a walk and a talk with Jesus, said, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and opened unto us the scriptures?" From that day to this, many hearts have felt the gracious flame while communing with Jesus. Now we would say, if these symptoms exist in the mind *as a habit*, they constitute, especially when they co-exist—when they are commonly all present, an amount of evidence which ought to satisfy the man who is the subject of them, that grace now reigns to the exclusion of all impurity in his heart—that his nature is wholly sanctified by grace.

We have never known any person who seemed always to have what we should call the evidence of entire sanctification with equal clearness. Excessive cares, feeble, nervous states, manifold temptations, abounding wickedness in community, heavy domestic burdens and trials may damp the spirit, or, for a season, seem to cloud the horizon of the soul; but if there be no yielding to sinful unbelief, no turning in the hour of sorrow to any earthly cordial for a solace, all will soon be bright with new lustre, and the soul will go on with new strength.

Our brother asks again, "Will a person in a state of entire sanctification ever shrink from duty; or will he always be bold and fearless?"

Doubtless he will be much more fearless after grace has purified his heart than he was before, yet grace—any measure of grace, so far as we know, does not entirely destroy the native timidity of some temperaments. Jesus himself appears to have shrunk from the horrible death of crucifixion, and he repeatedly prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" yet no one would say the heart of Jesus was not pure. So we suppose the holiest Christians do sometimes shrink in feeling, in view of heavy crosses. But Jesus said, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done," and he bore the cross, and then hung upon it, because "it pleased the Lord to bruise him;" and so it must be with every heart that retains its purity. Whatever measures of grace it may have received, it must deny itself, and constantly resist and overcome all reluctance to duty, by making the will of God its rule of action.

"In every time and place,
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are called his sovereign will to embrace,
And still their own deny."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE WAYWARD PUPIL.

(Continued from page 126, vol. 34)

THE teacher had become a pupil,—a disciple of the Lord Jesus. She had entered the school of Christ, with a heart overflowing with love to the Great Teacher, and longing to *do something* to manifest her gratitude "for his unspeakable gift." All nature seemed to be praising God, and her whole soul was flowing out in harmony with nature! It was at that season of the year when the birds were warbling their sweetest notes, that she had heard the voice of the Beloved,—“For lo! the winter is passed; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth.” Oh, how joyfully did she recognize the spiritual meaning of those sweet words, “Arise my love, my fair one: rise up, and come away!”

And let me say to you, young disciples, that you are privileged to exercise throughout your whole Christian course, this pure and holy joy. The Gospel is good tidings of *great joy*. Hear the last words of our dear Savior:—“That my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.” Hear also, his parting prayer:—“And now come I to thee, and these things I speak in the world, that they may have my joy fulfilled in themselves.” Precious legacy of joy! If all Christians would receive the truths inculcated by the “Guide to Holiness,” all would receive this precious gift which the dear Savior has bequeathed alike to all his faithful followers, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

But let us return to the lady who had become as a little child, in the school of Christ. She loved the Great Teacher, and longed to show him how loving and obedient she could be. The germ of holy love was indeed planted in her heart, but it was only a germ, to be unfolded and nurtured by the gifts and graces of His Spirit. She did not realize how very weak and helpless she was. The poet has beautifully described the proper state of mind for the young Christian to cherish:

“As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,—
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,—
Fears to stir one step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Teacher, Guard, and Guide.”

You will remember in Paul's description of the heavenly armor, he says, “Above all, tak-

ing the shield of Faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." The lady did not then understand that she ever could again be assailed by the wicked one. In the ardor of her new love, she felt that nothing could ever draw her away from the Savior. She would be a very teachable pupil, and she was continually asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The answer was returned, "The poor ye have always with you, and when ye will, ye can do them good!" "Lovest thou me? feed my lambs!" "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them!"

And now came the fiery darts of the wicked one. Since the tempter could not lull the new disciple into indifference, he encouraged her to more intense activity, and induced her to overlook, and at times to forget another class of instructions, which the dear Teacher had enjoined as of the first importance: "Bringing into captivity every thought, to the obedience of Christ,—purifying the heart by faith." In a word, the new pupil was not conscious that she had *yet to learn* how to use the shield of faith. But she felt that with all her efforts to do good, she was losing the joyful experience of her first love. While she was mourning in sadness, and imploring the dear Savior to be her Guide, he kindly sent an older pupil, whose warm, loving heart yearned to lead her into the "way of holiness." From this beloved disciple she received specific directions how to use the shield of faith.* They were written by one who well understood the use of the Christian armor, and she now saw the connection between faith and love as she had never done before. She was encouraged to cease from the activity of nature, and to go to the Savior in all her weakness and sinfulness, and implore him to impress his own image upon her heart. Thus, she was enabled to consecrate herself entirely to Christ; and while she was pleading, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," a well-spring of joy seemed once more to be opened in her soul, and she had a new experience of "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." How kindly the Great Teacher smiled upon his wayward pupil, as with childlike docility she retired to the infant class, still asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Again the answer was returned, "If ye know these things, happy are

ye if ye do them!" Looking unto Jesus the "author and finisher of faith," she could now say, "When I am weak, then am I strong," "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Young reader, have you entered the fold of Christ, and become one of his little lambs? Do not attempt to go before, but *follow the good Shepherd!* Seek his guidance; listen to his voice, as he sweetly calls you to keep near his side. "For he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."

But it may be that you, too, have strayed from the fold. Then be encouraged to listen to the voice of the Good Shepherd. See how tenderly he welcomed a wanderer back to the fold. It is ever thus. He goes out upon the mountains to seek and to save the lost. Each one of the flock is known to the Good Shepherd by name, and the little lambs he shall gather with his arm, and carry in his bosom.

Thus will He continue to feed us in green pastures, and lead us by the still waters, until we are all safely at home in his fold above.

[L. L.]

THE TREMBLING LAMB.

Give me strength to follow thee;
Savior, guide my steps aright;
May thy weak and trembling lamb
Never wander from thy sight!

Thou wilt lead in pastures green,
Where the quiet waters flow;
In the paths of righteousness,
Thou wilt cause my feet to go.

I would ever follow thee;
Ever listen to thy voice.
Gentle Shepherd, hear me now,
Make my trembling heart rejoice!

Then, when thou shalt call me home
To thy blessed fold above,
I, thy little lamb, shall rest
In the bosom of thy love.

[Leila.]

We are happy to announce to our young friends that

WEE-WEE SONGS FOR OUR LITTLE PETS,
by their friend Leila, are now out and ready for delivery.

* See "Interior Life," by Dr. Upham.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

WE WISH YOU A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR! This salutation is so common at this season,—nay, we might add so almost universal, that there are grounds to often suspect its sincerity. But, beloved, we give it not as a mere compliment, but as an expression of hearty desire. And yet, the question will arise, how far can we *hope* that that desire will be accomplished? This is the point to which we would direct your eye. Happiness is not accidental,—nor is it the arbitrary gift of a capricious sovereign; it is the result, the outgrowth of a course of conduct, the pursuit of which our beneficent Creator has put within universal reach. None need be unhappy. Every man is the arbiter of his own destiny. Happiness is just as sure to follow in the wake of humble obedience, as light is sure to succeed the withdrawal of darkness. Our only ground of hope, then, that this year will be to you one of happiness, is that you make the will of God your *choice*. Here lies the secret of a happy new year, and a happy old year. The past, the present, the future, are alike good to the soul that has learned from its innermost recesses to say, “Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.” Many of our readers will doubtless assent to this, and as they enter upon a new year, will endeavor to bring their hearts to this point of perfect submission. Beloved, in the midst of the struggle, (for a struggle it is) remember Him that was made perfect through suffering, and who is touched with the feeling of your infirmity. He stands by you to succor. Engage him in this cause, and the victory is yours. When God becomes triumphant, happiness is won. God is love, and he that dwelleth in God, dwelleth in love. To this fountain of perennial joy, Christ is the way. Begin, then, the year with Christ; abide in him, and this will be the happiest year of your life.

DECLINED ARTICLES.—Two short poems, one a paraphrase of the 147th Psalm, and the other “For Whit-Sunday,” though possessing some merit, will hardly meet our idea of appropriateness for the Guide. “Letter to the Ministers of the Methodist Church,”—contains some good thoughts and wishes, but lacks explicitness, and is not sufficiently laden with the *burning truths of God* that ought to be seen and felt. “No standing still,”—all true, but most too commonplace in its expression. “A Dream;”—a very fine poetic effusion, though better adapt-

ed to a religious periodical of a more general character. The same is true of “Home,” “Trust in God,” and “The Penitent.” Two articles written by the same hand, entitled “Foes Within and Foes Without,” and “Faithfulness Becometh Thy House, O Lord,” though exhibiting goodness of heart, are not sufficiently well executed for publication. “An Important Question,” by Amicus Editorum.—We have no doubt the writer is a “friend of Editors,” but we have some fears as to the safety of his views, and the expediency of teaching converts that they must always expect to be more or less subject to bondage through fear of death. “A prayer,”—not quite. “The Way in which I have been Led,”—The writer could hardly expect the article to be used without much condensing and changing. “How shall we obtain a Holy Heart?”—Some time in suspense. “Where is the Hindrance?”—Ditto. “The Cross,” by H. H.—Very good, but hardly admissible while we have a superabundance of poetry. The same may be said of “An invocation for the Spirit’s Presence,” by M. L. A reply to “Bad Theology in Hymns,” we think hardly called for. Our hymns doubtless contain about the right theology, but are often strangely applied, as when *Christians* habitually use those hymns designed for *sinners* or *backsliders*. A short “Address to the Guide,” in blank verse, will hardly pass. “What are thy hopes?” contains good thoughts, but is better adapted to a more general paper. An article by E. C. exhibits genuine experience, but its execution will not justify its insertion. This may be said of several other articles now on hand. While those on personal experience accumulate as they do, we must take the liberty to make a selection, even though some should be laid aside which might otherwise come to light.

THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER; OR, A NEGLECTED SPECIALITY OF THE LAST DAYS. By MRS. PALMER.

ERE this shall meet the eye of our readers, this long anticipated volume will be on sale. While we cannot regret the causes of its delay, we feel that an apology is due the public, in view of our many unfulfilled orders resulting from the announcement that it would be in readiness three months since. We will give a brief statement of the causes of the delay, which, though known to many, may not be equally

known to all. It is now about five months since our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, passed through Boston on their way to the British Provinces, in answer to an invitation to attend a special meeting in New Brunswick. They anticipated that their engagement abroad would delay them but about two weeks, and preparations to issue the volume were already commenced. But so extraordinary was the outpouring of the Holy Spirit as they passed on from place to place, that they were delayed week after week, witnessing hundreds on hundreds saved, and not daring to return while being so evidently withstood by the Angel of the Covenant. Letters have from time to time reached us, giving some account of the particulars of these Pentecostal showers which have attended the ministrations of our beloved brother and sister in Jesus.

These we have published; and to those who have read these letters, no farther apology is needful. Surely we are living in the latter part of the last days, when God pours out his Spirit not only upon his sons, but his *daughters* also are permitted to share largely in the gift of prophecy. From a letter on hand, which we are permitted to publish, (received too late for the present issue,) written to Mrs. P.'s sister, Mrs. Lankford, of New York, we see a practical illustration of the principles of Mrs. P.'s new work. None can read, we presume, without being constrained to feel that a characteristic of the last days has been too much neglected. God has not forgotten his ancient promise. He still pours out his Spirit upon his *daughters*, as also upon his sons. If this truth was more fully acknowledged, and "The Promise of the Father" to his daughters and handmaids duly considered by denominations of every name, the fulfilment of the promise received, and the gift brought into exercise, we doubt not but a Pentecostal flame would be speedily kindled, which would result in the salvation of tens of thousands.

And to the consideration of this subject this book is largely devoted. It is not sectarian, but eminently scriptural; and is addressed to ministers and people of every Christian sect. We have the opinion of one, who has read the work in manuscript, that Mrs. P. seems to have exceeded herself in the preparation of this volume. Anticipating that the book will, in fact, be a book for the times, and the demands for it large and pressing, we have published a large edition, and shall be ready to meet all orders, we trust, without delay. The price will be \$1.00.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE TENANT HOUSE; OR, EMBERS FROM POVERTY'S HEARTHSTONE. By A. J. H. DUGANNE. ROBERT M. DEWITT, 160 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

The author was appointed, in connection with others, by the New York Legislature, as a committee of investigation on Tenant Houses; and the book before us gives a graphic description of the condition of the lower classes as it came under his own eye. It has all the charm of romance,—while its truthful basis is calculated to make a profound impression in favor of those who are called to struggle with abject poverty. The effect of covetousness in deadening the sympathies of the heart, and the sustaining influence of piety amid the stern trials of life, are portrayed with a master's skill.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

Daniel Webster expressed the general sentiment of American Scholars, when he said: "I possess many Dictionaries, and of most of the learned and cultivated languages, ancient and modern; but I never feel that I am entirely armed and equipped in this respect, without Dr. Webster at command." And Rufus Choate says: "I beg to adopt, in its utmost strength and extent, the testimonial of Daniel Webster."

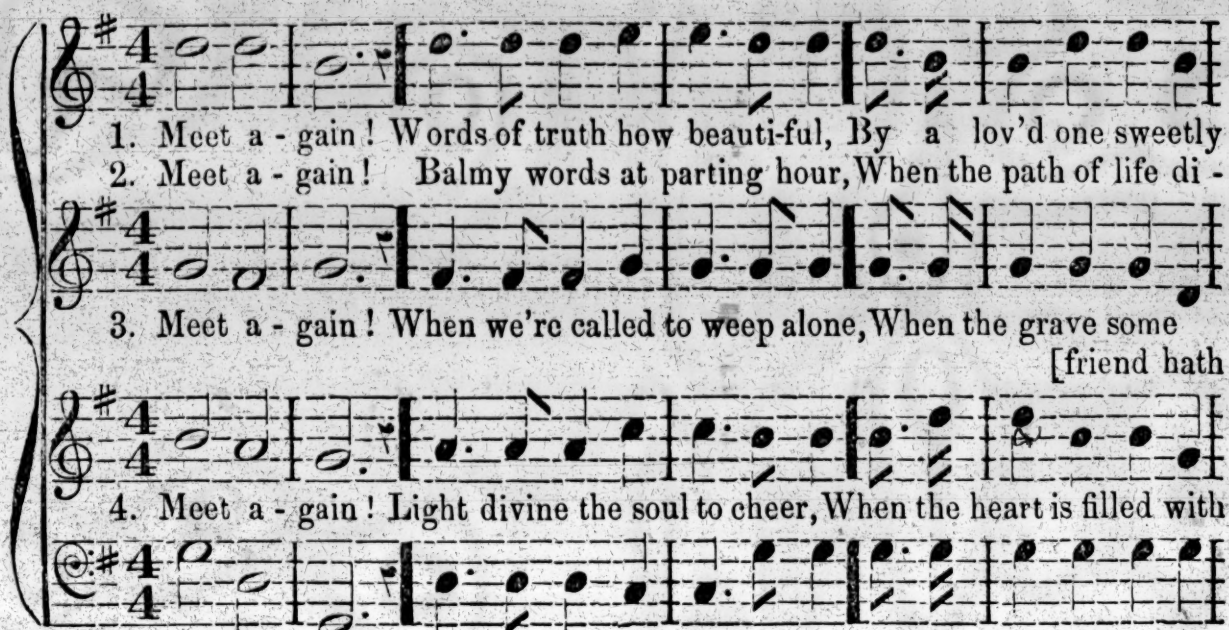
Add to these testimonials the preference that has been given to Webster's Dictionary in the schools of our country, and we may form some estimate of its value as an acknowledged standard. The edition which is above all other editions, as the Dictionary itself excels others, is the unabridged *quarto*, the only one which contains the merits of the work, and the one which we offer as a premium for twenty new subscribers.

DEFENCE OF REV. B. T. ROBERTS, A. M., before the Genesee Conference of the Methodist E. Church, at Perry, N. Y., Oct. 13-21, 1858.

We are indebted to our old friend S. K. J. Chesbrough, Esq., who took notes and testimony at the trial, for a copy of the pamphlet. To say that its perusal gave us *pain*, would be but a faint expression of our feelings. Nor is the feeling awakened by mere sympathy with the implicated party. Like the sainted Paul, our brother commits himself to the Lord for judgment, and there we leave him. But the facts deduced from this trial develop a partizan feeling in the Church, which we cannot but deplore. That there is a struggle going on, not in the Genesee Conference merely, but in the churches of the land, between a modern phase of piety and the spiritual element for which our fathers contended, is apparent enough to the most casual observer; and who will be the final victor cannot be a matter of doubt, if the friends of truth fight in the armor of the Gospel. Beloved, *be ye clothed with humility and abide in Christ*, and ye shall yet see the salvation of God.

"MEET AGAIN!"

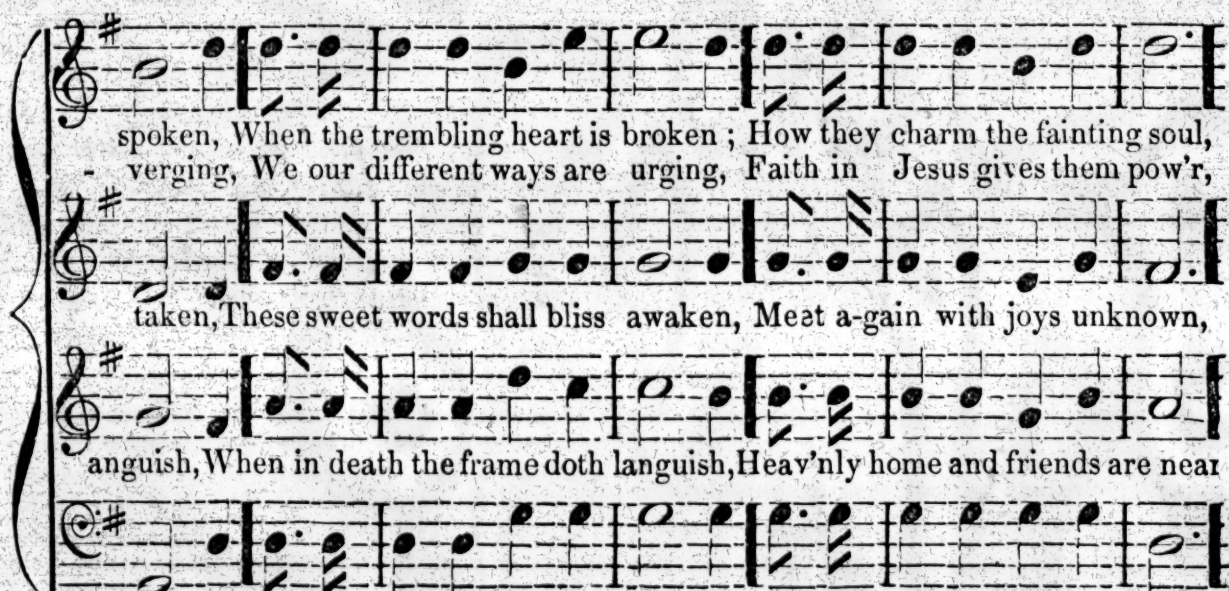
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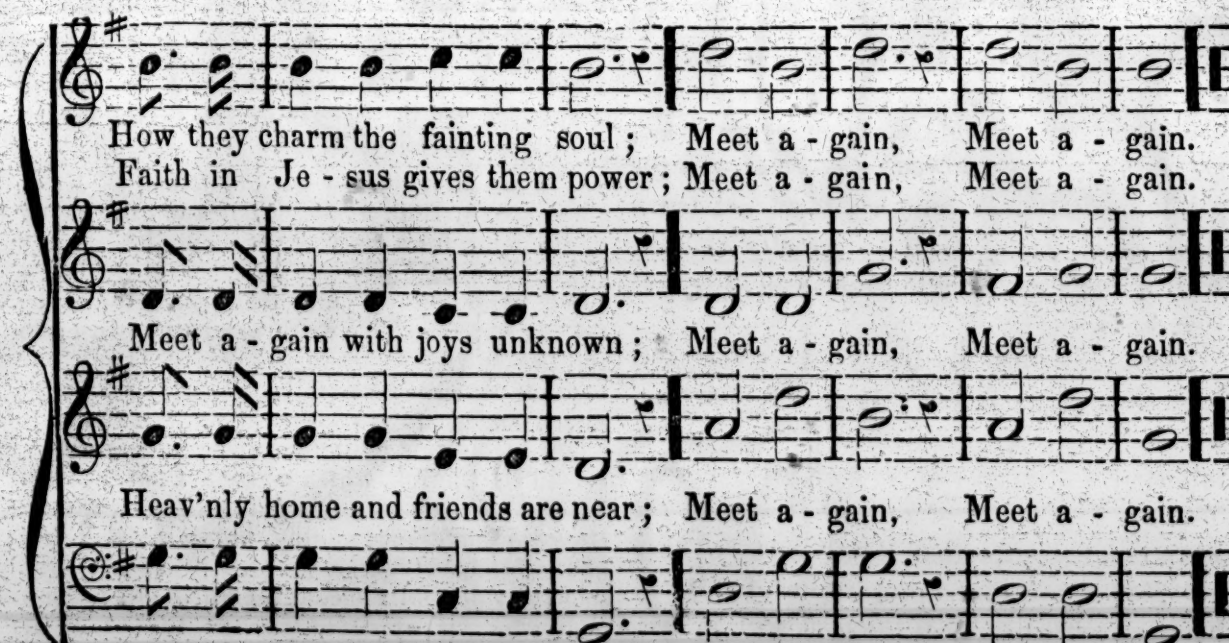
1. Meet a - gain! Words of truth how beauti-ful, By a lov'd one sweetly
 2. Meet a - gain! Balmy words at parting hour, When the path of life di -

3. Meet a - gain! When we're called to weep alone, When the grave some
 [friend hath

4. Meet a - gain! Light divine the soul to cheer, When the heart is filled with



spoken, When the trembling heart is broken; How they charm the fainting soul,
 - verging, We our different ways are urging, Faith in Jesus gives them pow'r,
 taken, These sweet words shall bliss awaken, Meet a - gain with joys unknown,
 anguish, When in death the frame doth languish, Heav'nly home and friends are near



How they charm the fainting soul; Meet a - gain, Meet a - gain.
 Faith in Je - sus gives them power; Meet a - gain, Meet a - gain.
 Meet a - gain with joys unknown; Meet a - gain, Meet a - gain.
 Heav'nly home and friends are near; Meet a - gain, Meet a - gain.

Sold by H. V. DEGEN, 22 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

[Original.]

THE FORM OF THE FOURTH IN
THE MIDST OF THE FIRE.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

YES, the Church has been in the furnace—the burning, fiery furnace; but the form of the fourth was seen in the midst of the fire. The Son of God never abandons his suffering people. He gave his life to redeem them. He graciously pardoned them when in anguish they came to him, and begged for mercy through faith in his blood. He gave the Spirit's power to raise them from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. They were aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenant of promise, but they have been brought nigh by the blood of Christ. By gracious adoption they have become heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, to an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. In every period of darkness, the Church of God is still the light of the world, the City set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Her members never all backslide, nor pass into cold formalism. A hasty judgment might pronounce it so, but the Omniscient Being can, in times of the utmost darkness, discover many “thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal.” His own presence and gracious power preserve from the flames those who trust in him.

So it was in the year 1857, and during all the period of spiritual declension which preceded it. “Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it.” The little prayer-meetings, the conference and class-meetings, the family altar, and the closet, were scenes of deep-felt sorrow, of earnest breathings, of mighty faith, of sighs, and struggles, and tears, and then “the form of the fourth” appeared, and in answers clearly intelligible, gave assurances of victory to the hosts of God.

There were many extraordinary in-

stances of entire consecration during this comparatively dark period. Earnest Christians became dissatisfied with a state of partial salvation. They saw that there was deeper, richer, fuller grace for them. The word of God and the Holy Spirit revealed their want and their glorious privilege. Devout and holy men and women instructed and exhorted them with glowing zeal and many tears, and the prayer arose from many dear disciples—“Create in me a clean heart, O God;” and faith claimed the answer:—“I will, be thou clean,” was spoken to many in the States, in Canada, and in Europe; and thus appeared “the form of the fourth”—“the Son of God”—walking in the midst of the fire. The general outpouring of the Spirit was anticipated. It was felt by many burdened struggling hearts, so distinctly that the shouts of victory rolled out in advance of the coming glory of the King of kings.

The pulpit became unusually distinct, and searching, and confident in the utterance of inspired truth; and it was evident that no ordinary influence rested down upon the ambassadors of heaven. Enlargement was seen and felt on every side. There was an outgoing of the inward power of the church, from the Pastor to the most obscure member, to reach the guilty, and save the lost. No common request went up in prayers. A great revival—a powerful, sweeping revival was the demand. It was “a day of rebuke and of blasphemy.” Infidelity was bold and chilling, and in many places the numbers of the church had fallen off alarmingly, and in yet more, the increase of the population was greatly in advance of that of the church. A feeling of concern, approaching alarm, took hold of the watchmen and their faithful brethren, and the pleading cry was for such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as would rebuke the scorner, overwhelm opposition, and give a clear and decided advantage to the truth in its future contests.

The lay element was roused at length. It ceased to be a question whether a man might not seize an opportunity to save a soul, regularly or irregularly, with or without the authority indicated by sacred vestments. Good people forgot that there was any such question. Neighbor began to speak to neighbor, saying, Know ye the Lord? Benevolent, faithful men went into the highways and hedges, and compelled the wandering and the needy to come into the great Supper of the Lamb. They gathered the people in union prayer-meetings, and the clergy and the laity of the different Evangelical churches were seen mingling their prayers and tears, and joining in the exhortation to sinners, saying, — "Save yourselves from this untoward generation." The former merchant princes, who had been growing rich and proud and skeptical, were seen uttering the language of penitence, bathed in tears, as they stood up stripped by Providence of their enormous wealth, and not unfrequently did they publicly thank God for what they at first regarded as the most distressing disaster and inevitable disgrace.

The press sent out its tracts, its religious periodicals, its warnings and appeals, and they were scattered by the hand of faithful religious kindness, throughout the land, like the leaves of autumn; and even the secular press, God in his Providence brought down in perfect meekness, and even with joyfulness, to become a most powerful and almost ubiquitous means of diffusing religious information, and rousing the multitudes to flee to the strong hold for refuge from the coming storm.

And what manifestations of grace were seen and felt as the new year came in, and as 1858 passed on! "Strong men bowed themselves" before the altar of God. The infidelity of the times gave way before the burning power of truth. The guilty felt that they had no covering. They imagined they were personally pointed out by the finger of the watchman, and by the indications of Providence.

They fled from place to place to find security from the withering accusations which fell upon them in the light of day, and in the darkness of the midnight-hour. They fell down in the streets to pray; and the shop, the store, the saloon, and even the theatre, became vocal with the entreaties of suppliants at the throne of grace! Strange hours were these! How men and women turned pale at the sound of profanity! How they fainted in the whirl of the dance! How they went to the house of God to scoff, and remained to pray! What scenes of awaking and conversion were the Sabbath schools, and what multitudes, old and young, thronged the houses of worship! What destruction of bigotry — of sectarianism! What flowing into one, of the souls of true believers of every name; and what ransomed thousands reverently entered the churches to plight their faith and seal their vows in the presence of the Master, and of assembled thousands!

And it was no transient flame — no temporary outburst of passion, or even of religious enthusiasm. It was a deep conviction; it was the work of the Holy Spirit pervading communities, teaching lessons of sound wisdom to erring mortals, guiding the wandering back to truth, to happiness, to God, awakening with just alarm the guilty slumberers upon the brink of ruin, and pervading all forms of society with an awe of God, and "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which should devour the adversaries." Hence men were astonished at the sweep of its power. The cities were shaken, and their vilest and their best came trembling before the altars of God. From New York the work spread to Philadelphia, to Baltimore, to New Haven, and Boston. It stretched westward, and northward, and southward, through town and country. It was powerful in Canada, and in England. The continent of Europe was moved, and distant missionary stations in Asia, and Africa, and the Isles of the Sea,

responded with trembling gratitude to "the voice of God that was upon the waters," and upon the land.

The largest portion of a year has passed since this great revival commenced, and the churches have been busy in absorbing and giving out its power. At this day it is an organic life force which seems to be gathering vitality, and advancing to conquests in the dominions of death, promising to present the Church to an astonished world in the clear light and commanding position anticipated by holy prophecy. She has heard and responded to the call of her Master, saying:—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." She has verily "come up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of her beloved, shining forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Let men beware how they despise her counsels and appeals, or stand in the way of her advancing march to the conquest of the world. She may yet again pass through the furnace, but the form of the fourth will be with her, and as just now before our eyes, so in all coming trials, she will come out of the furnace, without the smell of fire upon her garments.

[Original.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S ETERNAL REWARD.

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

ONE of the strongest inducements that the Scriptures hold out to the Christian warrior, to fight manfully, is drawn from the character of the reward which awaits the good man beyond the grave. No mortal can fully tell us what the joys of heaven are; for one of the most glorious circumstances connected with them is, that they are of too noble a character to be fully comprehended by us, while we are in this vale of tears. Yet we know some ingredients that shall there help to make up the saint's bliss.

There he shall be free from all that here mars his happiness. The child of God has joy even in this life; but here there is much to detract from his peace. Wherever he looks he sees the laws of his Heavenly Father violated, and beholds loved ones exposed to eternal death. How often does the pious father mourn over the waywardness of an unconverted son, and the mother shed bitter tears on account of the impiety of that daughter over whose infant slumbers she once watched with such fond solicitude? And Christianity does not free her votaries from the common ills of life. She makes no promise to them that their names shall never be cast out as evil. She gives no assurance that they shall never endure the evils of poverty, nor frees them from man's natural liability to physical suffering. But she does promise them that they shall bid a final adieu to all their sorrows at the moment of death. No tears are shed in that world which is to be their eternal home. The inhabitants of that clime never say, we are sick; and there the tongue of the slanderer never robs the child of God of his good name. There the Christian's battles are all ended, and he has entered a state where sorrow is unknown.

But heaven has its positive joys; and one source of those joys is the character of its society. Society is necessary to man's happiness; and Eden itself would not have been complete had Adam been left to roam amid its bowers without any one with whom he could hold intercourse. Yet there is much in this life that is calculated to lessen the value of the society of earth. But there is nothing in heaven to diminish the worth of its society. There shall be a joyous meeting of long separated loved ones. The pious mother shall there greet the infant over whose early tomb she shed so many tears. You shall there meet that one with whom you sported in childhood's sunny hours. There shall the husband again greet her whose smile was the

light of his home ; and the wife gaze upon the glorified form of the husband of her youth. Those parents who watched over your early life shall keep you company in that bright world where farewells are never uttered. And what Christian has not felt that it would have been a high privilege to have conversed with the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, or reformers, while they were on earth ? How highly would we have prized the society of Moses, David, Paul, John, Luther, or Wesley. We can never see these old soldiers of the cross in this life. They have long since finished their warfare. But if we fight manfully we shall greet them when all our battles are over. But Christ is there. Who that loves the Saviour has not often felt the wish arising in his mind that he could have stood with him at the grave of Lazarus, and have listened to his voice as He said to the widow's son, "Young man, I say unto thee arise !" Would you not have hung delighted upon his lips, as he uttered those lessons of wisdom that forced even his enemies to exclaim, "Never man spake like this man ?" This privilege you can never enjoy in this life ; but in heaven the humblest of the children of God shall see the captain of his salvation. There He shall lead us by the fountains of living waters, and wipe away all tears from our eyes.

And the Christian soldier's reward endures forever. Without this quality it would not meet the demands of our nature. One reason why the pleasures of this world do not satisfy the mind is, that they so soon fade. Even when we are in possession of earthly wealth, and pleasures, and fame, the soul cannot shut out the thought that all these things shall have an end, or refrain its longings after something that is enduring in its nature. And could the fear that its joys could have an end enter the minds of the inhabitants of heaven, would it not cast a shade over those joys ? But no such fear comes there ; for God

has written eternity upon all the joys of that world. The song of the redeemed shall roll on forever, and the crown of life shall adorn their brows throughout the countless ages of eternity. No marks of decay shall be seen there ; but one wave of joy after another shall roll over the enraptured soul ; and as it looks forward it shall see illimitable fields of pleasure stretching out before it.

And is it not wise to contend for such a prize ? How worthless in comparison to it are all the trifles that earth offers to her votaries. What is earth's fleeting wealth in comparison to "an inheritance that fadeth not away ?" Shall earth's fame be put in competition with the honor that endureth forever ? Shall we sacrifice to the attainment of earth's frothy pleasures joys that shall fully satisfy the soul ? Shall the man of the world make sacrifices for the attainment of his object, and shall we make none in the cause of Him who has provided heaven for us ?

PERSONAL INFLUENCE. — Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another ! Not calculable by algebra, nor deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the many seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing, tasselled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts ; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them ; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made of flesh ; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands, they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones ; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

[Original.]

FIRST PURIFIED, THEN TRIED.

BY B. S.

"Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried."
— Dan. xii. 10.

SOME Christians have imbibed the error that God requires a crushing process in order to bring them into the experience of "perfect love;" or in other words, they cherish the idea that much mental suffering, prayers, and fastings, and anguish of soul, are pre-requisite to the death of sin in the believer.* There is no Scripture warrant for such a belief, for it is written, "By grace are ye saved through faith." Not by works, not by human suffering, but through faith in the precious blood of Christ.

Lest we should be misunderstood, we admit there are often great struggles, fastings, prayers, and earnest groanings, after the blessing, before it is attained. This is the fault, or error, if we may so speak, of the creature—not God's. He is saying, all the while, "My son, or my daughter, give me thy heart." That is, just as it is, irrespective of feeling or circumstances. Of similar import are other instructions on this point, such as the following, namely: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Look unto me and be ye saved," &c., &c. Thus the Scripture process is very easy, and very simple. A child may understand it. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

We have been drawn to offer the foregoing remarks as a refutation of that legal spirit which prompts and actuates many

* Since writing the above, we find the following corroborative remark in Rev. W. E. Boardman's "Higher Christian Life," viz.:—"After having found acceptance in Jesus by faith, we think to go on to perfection by strugglings and resolves, by fastings and prayers, not knowing the better way of taking Christ for our sanctification, just as we have already taken him or our justification."

sincere seekers after holiness. Indeed, not long since we met a Rev. father, at a meeting for the promotion of the "higher Christian life," where he remarked to us: "I don't believe in getting it so easy. It is a crushing process." He reversed God's order somewhat. "Many," it is written, "shall be purified, and made white, and tried." The trial, we see, comes last; but it comes sooner or later with power. "He scourgeth (or trieth) every son whom he receiveth." God, in the work of justification, shadows forth the manner, or process, of bringing believers into the blessing of entire sanctification; only in the latter case, the individual, in consequence of possessing greater light and power, is under the obligation and necessity of exercising a corresponding consecration, submission, and faith. Then, this position must be ceaselessly maintained, irrespective of feelings and circumstances. None were justified who wilfully cherished one sin. None were justified only through the medium of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus, in the grace of entire sanctification, the renunciation of all sin, and faith in the same Almighty Redeemer, are requisite.

Now, for example, to illustrate our text in its closing feature. "AND TRIED." This comes after being "purified, and made white." Abraham stood before God as an "heir of the righteousness which is by faith," and God communed with him face to face as with none other before or since. Afterward, Abraham still maintaining his integrity, God tried him, as never man was tried. He was commanded to go out, some two or three days' journey, and there, upon a dreary mountain, to sacrifice his dearly beloved and only son. Behold the good old patriarch building the altar, binding the wood and his son thereon, and taking the fire and the cruel knife. Ah! what a scene! Nature, seemingly, is bleeding at every pore. The end of human endurance is reached. But he falters not. God appears, and gives him back the son of his

love, and gives to us an example of faith's victorious conflict. Another instance, corroborative of our text, we have in the patriarch Job, that paragon of goodness. It was declared of him that "he was perfect and upright," yet, after this declaration came the furnace trials. One affliction succeeded another with fiery speed and severity, until every power of his being sunk in anguish and bitterness before God. He could not, probably, have lived if another item of grief or trial had been added, for God had said to Satan:—"He is in thy hand, but save his life." We think Satan went to the extent of his permission, but failed in his object. God's devoted servant lived a monument of victorious endurance for our imitation. He "glorified God in the fires," through the power of perfect faith. We cite the apostle Paul as another example. No mention is made of his trials until after he had passed into a victorious state of grace. In allusion to his fiery discipline, we shall give his own testimony. "Of the Jews," he says, "five times received I forty stripes, save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often; in perils of waters; in perils of robbers; in perils by mine own countrymen; in perils by the heathen; in perils in the city; in perils in the wilderness; in perils in the sea; in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness; in watchings often; in hunger and thirst; in fastings often; in cold and nakedness. Besides those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." On another occasion he said: "We would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life." These trials were not spoken of by the apostle complainingly, but rather to extol the sufficiency of grace to endure them triumphantly.

"What shall I say more?" "Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep skins, and goat skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth."

Thus the Sacred Word presents to the sanctified a field of disciplinary trial. Such are counselled to "buy gold tried in the fire," and not to think it strange concerning the fiery trials which are to try them. They are also assured that trials of faith are much more "precious than gold, which perisheth," even if it is "tried by fire." Our object then, in penning these thoughts, is to caution seekers of "perfect love" against the Romish notion of doing penance, or seeking the blessing with a legal spirit. Submit at once. Believe at once. Then do not be discouraged if, after being "purified and made white," you should be *tried* to the extent of your endurance. God will work—and work powerfully—if there are no obstructions, until the warfare ends in present triumphant, and eternal reward.

"The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest."

HEAVEN IN VIEW.—"His journey may be dreary and toilsome—darkness may surround him—difficulties, dangers and trials may infest his way—but his consolation is, all this will soon be over and he shall then be at home. Shall he then be dejected because in the journey of a day the accommodations of the road are defective? Shall he feel that all is lost because the lodging place for a night is uncomfortable? No. He rather hastens onward, and presses towards his object with greater eagerness."—A. W. Taylor.

[Original.]

THE OFFERING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

“My son, give me thine heart.”—Prov. xxiii. 25.

“Here is my heart!—my God, I give it thee,
I heard thee call and say,
‘Not to the world, my child, but unto me;’
I heard, and will obey.
Here is my love’s offering to my king,
Which, a glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart!

“Here is my heart!—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam’s fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart!

“Here is my heart!—my heart so hard before,
Now by thy grace made meet,
Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour
Its anguish at thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs, salvation’s joy to win—
My mourning heart!

“Here is my heart!—In Christ its longings end.
Near to his cross it draws;
It says, ‘Thou art my portion, O my friend,
Thy blood my ransom was.’
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trusting heart!

“Here is my heart!—Ah! Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as thy home,
A temple fair and true.
Teach it to love and serve thee more,
To fear thee, trust thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart!

“Here is my heart!—it trembles to draw near
The glory of thy throne;
Give it the shining robe thy servants wear,
Of righteousness thine own;
Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled heart!

“Here is my heart!—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto thee;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
‘Welcome, my God’s decree.’
Believing, all its journey through,
That thou art wise, and just, and true—
My waiting heart!

“Here is my heart!—O Friend of friends, be near,
To make each tempter fly,
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
Give me the victory!
Gladly on thy love reposing,
Let me stay, when life is closing—
Here is my heart.”

[Selected.]

REV. R. M. McCHEYNE.

EXCERPTA FROM HIS LIFE AND REMAINS.

“Everything I meet with, and every day I study my Bible, makes me pray more that God would begin, and carry on a deep, pure, wide-spread, and permanent work of God in Scotland. If it be not *deep and pure*, it will only end in confusion, and grieving away the Holy Spirit of God, by irregularities and inconsistencies. Christ will not get glory, and the country generally will be hardened, and have their mouths filled with reproaches. If it be not *wide-spread*, our God will not get a large crown out of this generation. If it be not *permanent*, that will prove its impurity, and will turn all our hopes into shame. . . . I am also deepened in my conviction, that if we are to be instruments in such a work, we must be purified from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. Oh! cry for personal holiness, constant nearness to God, by the blood of the Lamb. Bask in his beams—lie back in the arms of love—be filled with His spirit—or all success in the ministry will only be to your own everlasting confusion.

You know how I have always insisted on this with you. It is because I feel the need thereof myself. . . . Oh! to have Brainerd’s heart for perfect holiness—to be holy as God is holy—pure as Christ is pure—perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect.”

R. S. S.

SIN.—“The beginning of sin is in the suggestion, the nourishing of it is in delight, but in the consent is its perfection. And it often happens that what the evil spirit saw in the thought, the flesh draws to delight, and yet the soul does not consent to that delight. And whereas the flesh cannot be delighted without the mind, yet the mind struggling against the flesh, is somewhat unwillingly tied down, so that through reason it contradicts and does not consent and yet it grievously laments being bound.”—Gregory.

[Original.]

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

BY REV. D. F. NEWTON.

DEAR BROTHER:—There is evidently an increasing spirit of inquiry abroad, on the subject of holiness. Never, seemingly, since the days apostolical, has there been so general, so simultaneous an outbursting of hope and joy on the question of the inner life, entire devotedness to God and his service. Surely angels must tune their harps afresh,—"Glory to God in the highest." Nor is this spirit of inquiry confined to our own city, but it is spreading in cities and villages abroad. Only a short time since, on visiting a place called Birmingham, and beholding what God had wrought, we exclaimed, joyfully,—"That's it, that's it!" That's why the cause of truth prospers so remarkably in B.

The doctrine of holiness prevails; entire consecratedness to God is advocated, boldly published from the pulpit in all its vividness, clearness and fulness, and lived out by its professors. "Holiness to the Lord" is the motto—the watchword; meetings for the establishment in this superlative grace are held weekly. What the result? God's spirit is poured out, sinners are awaked, and converted, by scores and hundreds—the revival continues unabatingly, year in, year out—the new converts hold on their way, grow stronger and stronger. Hardly a single instance of backsliding is recorded. The effect of this publishing a full gospel, a complete Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, even now, is most salutary on the surrounding community—the world see it, feel it. Intemperance, Sabbath desecration, infidelity, and a pro-slavery spirit, begin to hide their deformed heads. This one example ought to convince every one of God's smiling approbation at this course. Friends, ministers of the High and Holy One, what your wish, your heart's desire and prayer to God? that

he may be glorified in all things? in the salvation of sinners continually? That revivals on revivals, a general outpouring of God's Holy Spirit may be evermore? That new converts may grow stronger and stronger, shine brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day? and *never* backslide? *never* dishonor their holy profession? In a word, is it your wish, your daily prayer, that this world may be speedily renovated, turned up side down, made to blossom as the rose?—preach holiness, entire consecration, perfect love, the duty and privilege of every one to love God supremely *now*, with all the heart, soul and strength—to live for God and *only* for God. Preach the doctrine, sound it out, bring it home definitely, with power, to every heart—make it a definite *special* object—let sanctification follow justification in quick succession—in every revival, every protracted effort. Preach the doctrine, preach it, practise it, sound it out—God will bless it—it's the essence, the cream—the nectar, the sum and substance of the Gospel—the glad news, the joy and song of angels and glorified spirits. "Holiness to the Lord." Never, *never* will the church arise, shine forth as the morning, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," till the Bible is understood and believed on this point. Just in proportion to the advancement of the doctrine of holiness, the purification of God's people, in heart and life, is the prosperity of truth and righteousness in the world, and the falling of Satan as lightning from heaven.

"The love of God flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts (their scantiness is such)
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides."

Yours in the Lord, for a full and free salvation.

New York.

LOOKING BACK.—"Looking back is more than we can sustain without going back."—*Cecil*.

[Original.]

THE JEWEL FOUND.

BY L. BARTLETT.

I LONG to write of what God has been doing for me, in hopes he will guide every word, and bless it to some soul. I would say, with David: "O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; which holdeth our *soul* in life, and *suffereth not our feet* to be moved." "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue. If I regard *iniquity* in my heart, the Lord will not hear me: But verily God *hath* heard me, he hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me."

When I was twelve years old, I united with the Presbyterian church. The intervening years from that time to the present, I have spent in finding out something of the deceitfulness of my heart; something of its vileness, its pride, and my utter helplessness. It was a searching time, but I found little comfort. As I was ever digging deep, and tracing back all the winding ways of my soul, I found every motive sinful. Self seemed to rule supreme; and yet there was so little selfishness outwardly visible, that I had even gained a *name* amongst my friends for goodness of heart, and generous, pure motives, ever actuating me to deeds of love. I *did* love them, it is true. My heart was ever overflowing, full of affection. I was ready any moment to give up my comfort for others. But if that love was pure, what meant the anxious thirst for their praise? O, *self* was the idol.

A desire of pre-eminence was a prominent principle of my nature. I wished to excel (and if I could not *really* excel, I wished others to *think* me excelling) in

mind, morals and religion. It would truly be a blessed thing to excel in these, but my desire now is to have the real pearl, not a false, outside *glitter*. If my station be humble, it is nothing to me. It is the one my Father assigned me, and he knows what is best for me, and where I can live most to his glory.

Love of esteem was predominant. To gain the approbation of others, in short, to be looked up to as a paragon of excellence, was my aim. So strong was my love of praise, that I would even seek the approbation of the evil as well as the good. My vanity produced unsteady conduct; I was all things to all persons. I would even seek praise for qualities I did not possess. I sought for notoriety.

This I knew was the state of my heart. I was grateful to God that he had shown me something of my depravity, yet pride mixed with even these humiliating discoveries. I was proud of my finding out pride. Yet I prayed for strength to subdue my evil propensities. I struggled daily and hourly against sin. I strove to mortify pride, and endeavored to conquer the hateful vanity in my heart. For years my prayer was, "Deliver me from this self-love. Let me lose self in Jesus." Still I always expected the pride, (or a *remnant* of it,) to remain for me to war against. I did not know that Jesus ever took our sins away so that they rose no more, and we felt no longer the stirrings of pride and self. I often felt a longing to die, that I might be pure and holy, and the ceaseless warfare be forever ended. There was such a mixture of good and evil, of generous impulses and vile, abominable sin, that it was difficult to separate the one from the other. I could scarcely tell whether a motive was right or wrong. The good and the evil kept such a constant war, I experienced momentarily the struggles described in the seventh chapter of Romans. But God has heard my prayer, though I prayed for that which I did not suppose attainable.

I aimed at perfection ; but as I did not expect to attain it, of course I could not. I often pleaded the promise, "I will lead the blind in a way they know not ;" and to me how literally has it been fulfilled.

Thanks to infinite mercy, I now experience the blessedness of the state described in the eighth chapter of Romans, beginning, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit."

A few months since, a Methodist friend asked me if it was my expectation to enter heaven in my sins. "Certainly not," said I. "Then you expect to live in sin all your days, and just before you die give them up, so as to go to heaven perfect."

"I do not expect to be free from sin in this world," I answered.

He then said he prayed to be delivered from a religion in which one was sinning all the time ; and informed me that the seventh chapter of Romans was not Christian experience.

I did not believe anything that was said ; still it troubled me exceedingly. I could but think, if that chapter is not Christian experience, then I am not a Christian. If there is no such thing as remaining corruption in a Christian's heart, most certainly I am not a Christian. (It still seems to me it cannot be the experience of a natural heart. Surely the unregenerate do not carry on a warfare of that kind. It must be the exercise of a justified though not a sanctified soul. For I am certain I applied continually to the blood of the Lamb for atonement, and enjoyed many precious moments known only to the Christian.*)

* We incline to the belief that the 7th of Romans describes the case of a convicted sinner, awakened to feel the pressing claims of the law, which his enlightened conscience assures him is "holy, and just, and good ;" who feels the galling chains that bind him, bewails his cruel bondage, and longs for deliverance, but who has not come to the full determination to break away

But of full salvation I was ignorant. For a number of days I had been pondering in my heart the words that had been addressed to me. A tract was then handed me, entitled, "The Sealing of the Spirit." As I read the extract from the life of J. B. Taylor, it seemed such an exact description of the struggles of my heart, and the desires of my soul, that I went immediately to my room, and throwing myself on my knees, made the fullest, most entire surrender of all, and felt that God was able to keep that which I gave him ; felt he was able to keep me from *pride* and *self-love* even. I felt such perfect trust, — such entire confidence in Jesus. And O, my trust was placed in One so worthy of confidence ! He has indeed kept me. I felt he was just as able to keep me from *all* sin as he was to keep me from *any* ; so fully did I realize my own weakness and dependence, and the strength there is in Jesus. Oh ! the thought was so inexpressibly precious that *he* was able to keep me ! It is not in words to express the confidence I felt in his almighty power to save. I believed not only that he could and would, but that he *did* save me. I could trust him for *full* salvation. I did not think as I always had *before* when enjoying a sweet season : — "O well, this will only last a little while, — a few days at the longest, — then I shall be as bad as ever." No ! I could trust him for the future, knowing in time of temptation he would make a way for my escape. I do not ask him *now* to keep me weeks and months from this time, when I fear I may meet with temptation, for I find so much to ask him for each moment as it flies. I need to be kept momentarily. I need so much strength each moment, I can only pray as it passes to be kept *now*. I find it is not trusting

and be free, at any hazard. Our sister doubtless went beyond the experience there described, especially when she "enjoyed many precious moments, known only to the Christian." It is plain she was freely justified at such intervals, though it may have been otherwise for a large portion of the time. — *Sub-Ed.*

him to think when I am peaceful, "I know I feel no stirrings of pride and self now, but then, it is because I am not tempted; but to-morrow, or at such a time, or in such a place, I shall be tempted so sorely I shall surely fall." That time may never arrive; I may never reach that place. Then why should I allow these doubts and fears to enter my mind and disturb my peace, when Jesus has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and I might be engaged in praising my Saviour for present freedom from temptation, and the peaceful rest I enjoy? Doubting whether I shall remain steadfast when assailed by temptation, must affect the peace of the present moment. For we do not watch the present, when we are looking to the future. I once thought it was a distrust in *self*; but I soon found it was distrusting our *Saviour*. O, there is enough to watch each moment. I can trust Jesus now for everything; I enjoy perfect peace; I have had a void filled; the Bible is a new book to me; the hymns are all new, especially the one commencing —

"Jesus, I my cross have taken."

O, how useless were my struggles with sin. How strange I could not see I had only to give up the struggle, and trust more fully in Jesus. It only requires a little more vigorous faith for sanctification than we had for justification. O, that all knew the delight of giving up soul and body, and having the will merged in His!

I have been told I was like Peter, confident I should not fall. But I am sure impulsive Peter trusted in his own strength. And I never had such a perfect trust in Christ's strength, and not a particle of confidence in self. There is where my strength lies; that is the reason I am kept, because I believe in his ability and willingness to save, and that he *does* save from all sin.

When I gave myself to him, I knew it was all I could do. I then felt nothing but trust, a resting on his promises. I

felt no great love, no wonderful joy, no marvellous change in my feelings. I only trusted Jesus for everything. I was willing to walk by faith, if I could not by sight. I felt my Father would give me all I needed, and I had no will of my own. I would take joyfully what he gave me; and if I was destitute of all save a crumb from his table, still I would praise him. If Satan whispered, "Your consecration was not all right; you need not flatter yourself you are entirely given up to Christ;" I listened not to the suggestion. I knew I did my best. I gave myself as well as I knew how, and that is all that is required. I could still trust the promises, and that when I had nothing beside to rest upon. That was enough. When weeks passed and I did not feel the love and joy I expected to, I still trusted him, and felt if he did not see fit to give me just the feelings I expected, I would pass my days without them. I would still serve him and *praise* him. If he had given me the feelings I longed for, I should probably have trusted them instead of Jesus, we are so apt to trust anything rather than the only safe thing there is to trust in — God's word and promise. I knew I loved Jesus better than anything else, even if I could not feel just as I thought I ought. I could not thus trust and rest upon one I did not love. I could not lean thus upon one in whom I had no confidence.

I find I must not speak of self, for then it will creep back into my heart. I must only talk of Jesus, and his goodness to me; and as I talk of him, and commune with him; and lean upon him, he becomes daily more and more precious.

Last winter I was asked to read "Upham's Interior Life." The request awakened my prejudices; but my heavenly Father prepared me to read it, and without any instruction in this blessed doctrine I was led to *feel* all that Upham describes. Every word I have read in that blessed book confirms me in my belief.

I feel that I must advocate this doctrine

wherever I am. I know just how the Christian feels who denies the possibility of living without sin. The doctrine of perfection to them savors of human pride, and they regard those who believe in it as not knowing the deceitfulness of their own hearts. But I know it is trusting in Christ alone, not in our own righteousness. O, who can feel more deeply than a sanctified soul, that human righteousness is but filthy rags? Is it not honoring God, to believe we may have so much of Christ that nothing of self remains?

I am astonished that those who believe in this doctrine do not speak of it at all times and in all places. If my heavenly Father had not sent one that had experienced the blessedness of full salvation, and who was not content to enjoy it alone, I might never have had my poor blind eyes opened. I hope in return I may never be silent, but shall urge every one not to be content with a low standard, but to take the gift of *full* salvation, and live as becometh those professing godliness. Still I do not feel inclined to argue, nor do I feel impatient, as I once did, with those who differ from me in their belief. I can only tell them my feelings, and if my heavenly Father sees fit to bless anything I can say to one of his dear children, it awakens gratitude.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

THE HABIT OF GIVING. — "It is only by commencing early in life the consecration of our substance to God, that we can establish the habit of benevolence. While we postpone the discharge of our duty until we have become wealthy, the love of gain is insensibly acquiring strength, we listen to the claims of benevolence with less and less sensibility, and at last become deaf to the voice of humanity. When we are able to give without the smallest self-denial, the disposition to give has perished, and we have been transformed into the very misers whom once we thoroughly despised." — *Wayland*.

[Selected.]

FAITH.

BY LADY MAXWELL.

I HAVE never known so much of the nature of simple faith, and of its unspeakable value, as since I have tasted of the pure love of God:—by it how has my soul been upheld in the midst of temptation! The Lord has taught me that it is by faith, and not joy, that I must live.

He has, in a measure, often enabled me strongly to act faith on Jesus for sanctification, even in the absence of all comfort: this has diffused a heaven of sweetness through my soul, and brought with it the powerful witness of purity. I would say to every penitent, "Believe, and justification is yours;" and to every one who is justified, and sees his want of sanctification, "Believe, and that blessing is yours also." I seem to derive the greatest advantage from a lively faith in constant exercise; this secures what I now already possess, and increases my little stock.

At times, my evidence for sanctification is as strong as a cable fixed to an immovable rock, and as clear as the sun shining at noon-day.

THE REFORMATION. — "On reading of the reformation, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him who reads or hears, and the sweet odor of the returning gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrant of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, and divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected beams of salvation; the martyrs with the irresistible weight of weakness shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon." — *Milton*.

[Selected.]

THE JUDGE AND THE POOR AFRICAN WOMAN.

IN one of the populous and beautiful towns on the banks of "La Belle Riviere," the Ohio, there dwelt, and for aught I know, dwells now a just judge, honorable in life as well as in title; and also a poor lone African woman, long since gone to her crown and her throne in the kingdom above. She was queenly in the power and beauty of her spiritual progress, though poor as poverty could make her in this world's goods here upon earth, but she is now doubtless queenly in position and external adorning as well as in heart, transformed and transfigured in the presence of the glorious Saviour in heaven, whom she loved so dearly and trusted so fully upon earth.

The judge was rich and highly esteemed. He dwelt in a mansion, not so fine as to repel, not so splendid as to make him the envy of the foolish, large enough to be the social centre of the town, and plain enough to make every one feel it a home, and his heart was in keeping with his house, large and open.

The poor African woman lived in a cabin on an alley all alone, without chick or child, kith or kin.

Her own hands ministered amply to her own wants while she had health, and at home or abroad at work by the day, she often earned that which found its way to India, or Africa, perhaps, in the spread of the gospel. Her home, though poor and small, was always neat and tidy. She belonged to the church of which the judge was an officer, and often sat down with him at the table of the Lord, in the house of the Lord, as she will again, O how joyously, at the feast of the Bridegroom in the palace of the King; but it so happened that they had never had free conversation together about the things of the kingdom. He respected her. She venerated him. At last she received a severe injury, from

which she never recovered, and for many weary months before her death was dependent and helpless, alone and bedrid.

During this time the judge's ample table and abundant wardrobe had contributed its full share to the comforts of the poor woman. Never a day but she was remembered. But for a long time, for one reason and another, he put off from time to time a personal visit which yet he fully purposed in his heart to make her. Until at last one day, as he thought of the cheeriness of his own pleasant home, the thought of the contrast between this and the loneliness and desolation of the poor woman's cabin, came into his mind, and while it heightened his gratitude for the goodness of God to him, it filled him with sadness and sympathy for her.

"Who can tell but I may cheer her a little, and perhaps by a little timely sympathy save her from repining at her hard lot? Possibly, too, I may be able to throw some light upon the rugged pathway along which she is going to the kingdom?"

The judge loved to do good; it was a great luxury to him. So, taking a well filled basket, and making sure that purse as well as scrip was stored with convenient small change, he sallied forth to visit the poor woman.

As the door opened, he was struck with the air of neatness in the cabin. If she was bedrid, some kind hand supplied the place of hers. Everything was in order, swept and garnished, neat as a pin. "Not so desolate, after all," thought he.

But again, as the judge looked around, and contrasted the social joys of his own ample mansion, where the voice of children and of music, as well as the presence of books and friends, made all cheerful and happy, with the cheerless solitude of the poor woman alone here from morning till night and from night till morning, only as one or another called out of kindness to keep her from suffering, his heart filled again with sadness and sympathy.

Seating himself on the stool at the side

of the poor woman's cot, he began speaking to her in words of condolence:

"It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks?"

"O no, thank God, massa judge, the Good Lord keeps me from feelin bad. I'se happy now as ever I was in all my days."

"But, Nancy, laying here from morning till night, and from night till morning, all alone, and racked with pain, dependent upon others for everything, do you not get tired and down-hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear?"

"Well, I'se 'pendent on others, dat's sure, 'deed I is, an I was allers used to have something to give to de poor, an to de missionary, too, and to de minister, but den I'se no poorer dan my good Lord was when he was here in de worl, and I'se nebber suffer half so much yet as he suffer for me on de cross. I'se berry happy when I tink of dese tings."

"But, Nancy, you are all alone here?"

"Yes, massa, I'se all alone, dat's true, but den Jesus is here, too, all de time. I'm nebber alone, no how, and he's good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"O, massa judge! I spect to. I spect nothing else but jes to go off all alone here some night, as you say, or some day. But it's all one, night or day, to poor Nancy, and den, massa, I spec I'll not go all alone arter all, for Jesus says, in de blessed Book, I'll come an take you to myself, dat where I am, dare you may be also, an I believe him. I'se not afraid to die alone."

"But, Nancy, sometimes when I think of dying, I am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am, what a sinner, and how unfit for heaven, and I think now what if I should die suddenly just as I am, what would become of me? Are you not afraid to die and go into the presence of a holy God?"

"O no, massa, 'deed I'se not."

"Why not, Nancy?"

"O, massa, I was 'fraid, berry much. When I was fust injer, I see I mus die, an I thought how can such a sinner as I is ebber go into such a holy place as de new Jerusalem is? An I was miseble; O, I was miseble, 'deed, sure! But den by an by, after a while, I jis thought I mus trus myself to de blessed Jesus to make me ready for de kingdom jis as I did to forgib all my sins. An so I foun res for my poor soul in Jesus, an sen dat time I feel somehow all better; I know now he will make me all ready pure an white for de new Jerusalem above. An now I love to think about de time when I shall come to 'pear befo he Father's throne, wid him in glory, all starry spangly white."

For a moment the judge sat in silence, admiring the power of grace. Not yet himself deeply affected by the light reflected from this star in disguise. A little pressure more was required — another chafing question — to bring out the ray destined to pierce his own soul.

"Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you: Do you never complain?"

"Complain! O, now massa judge, complain, do you say, massa? Why, massa! Who should such a one as I is complain ob! The good Lor; He knows bes what's bes for poor Nancy! *His will be done!*"

Nancy said this in tones of the deepest sincerity. And a little more. There was just a shade of wonder at the question — as much as to say, "What! you an officer in the church, and a man of education, a judge, and yet think that a poor creature like me might complain of the dealings of a merciful God and Saviour like mine?"

The arrow took effect. The judge bowed his head in silence a moment, and then rose and bade Nancy good-bye, without the word of consolation and prayer which he fully purposed when he went into the cabin.

All the way home he kept saying to

himself, "Well, I never yet said 'His will be done' in that way. I never felt it. Alone, poor, helpless, bedrid, dependent, miserable in body, and yet happy as an angel. Ah! there is a power there I never felt. But I must feel it, and God helping me I will. Not afraid to die. Trusting Jesus to purify her from all sin, and present her spotless before God. Waiting joyously his summons. O, blessed faith! I must know more of this, and I will."

Two weeks, night and day, the arrow rankled, rankled, rankled. His pain increased. Sleep forsook him, and his family became alarmed. He said nothing, but often groaned in spirit and sighed deeply. Sometimes the tears were seen to steal down his manly cheeks. All wondered, and all waited to hear what had come over the strong mind and manly heart of the judge.

At last, one day while he was bowed before God, he felt in his heart, "Thy will be done." The storm-tossed sea of his soul was suddenly calmed, and peace filled his heart—peace as a river. Now he, too, could trust Jesus to make for him his pathway on earth and fit him for heaven, and take him to it whenever and from whatever place it might please him.

It was the beginning of a new life for him—a change quite as great as at the time of his conversion, and as it has proved, the beginning of blessed things for his own family and church and town, and for the cause of Christ generally. Consistent and steadfast before, he has been a burning and a shining light, letting his light shine far and near ever since.

He went in the fulness of wealth and education, and influence and honor, to the poor, lone, lorn African woman, to do her good if he might with either counsel or food, or clothing or money. This was the full purpose and prayer of his heart; and yet, while he gave nothing to her, he received from her what all his wealth could not purchase or all his wisdom devise.

She, poor body, had nothing to give, nor so much as even dreamed of giving aught to anybody. And yet, without a thought of it, she did give to the rich and honorable judge what was worth more to him than the wealth and honors of all the world.

And what does this illustrate to us? What but the power of spirituality? What but the power which poured upon the few illiterate fishermen of Gallilee in the Pentecostal baptism, fitted them for the reformation of the world, almost in a single generation? What but the very power now needed to transform the world and introduce the golden age of complete gospel triumph?—*The Higher Christian Life.*

[Original.]

MY HEART'S PRAYER.

BY E. L. E.

My heart was ill and pressed with want—
Its fulness needs must overflow;
It spoke in language weak and scant,
A drop welled from its depth of woe;
One drop—a feeble word of prayer—
Of fainting, trembling, weeping prayer.

It spoke again, and then it seemed
A something raised its weakness up;
A ray upon its darkness beamed—
A sweet dropped in its bitter cup;
Aloud it cried in earnest prayer—
In yearning, pleading, struggling prayer.

My heart went singing on its way,
Its burden grown so strangely light,
God's love-smiles had lit up the day,
His favor made as fair the night;
It answered back in grateful prayer—
In reverent, trustful, loving prayer.

THE DAILY STRUGGLE.—If we keep not God's grace that He giveth us—if we do not continually and daily reform ourselves, and with all diligence fashion our lives after His life, it is but right that we lose again that which we have received. But if we abide in Him through faith, then hard and impossible things are light and possible to us; for through Him that strengtheneth us we may do all things.—*Bishop Coverdale.*

[Original.]

THE SAVIOUR'S DEATH.

BY S. V. L.

MAN universally admires the sublime. As he gazes on the fiery heavens when the storm is wild, or on the bold precipice over which dash the foaming waves, he is unconsciously enchained a willing captive before the scene. Admiration for the lofty and beautiful in nature and art is an innate principle, or primary element in the mental constitution. The sublime in nature ever wins man's highest regard, while the beautiful in art excites his profoundest admiration. But when *moral* sublimity—which is in every sense the most exalted in its nature—when this presents its superior claims to human appreciation, it universally fails to receive its legitimate and merited admiration. Natural, scientific, or artificial grandeur affords, under all circumstances, a feast to the human soul; but that which is *morally* magnificent presents in vain its charms to its affections. The fall, and its results, have shattered man's moral sensibilities, and wrecked the noblest elements of his spiritual nature. His admiration wanes as he approaches the perfection of sublimity.

The grandest scene the world has ever witnessed was the tragedy of Calvary. This is an admitted fact. No occurrence in the past—no event in civil or sacred history approximates, much less equals, in moral sublimity, the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. Around no other cluster memories so sacred, recollections so holy, associations so full of mingled joy and sadness. Forty centuries were brightened by its anticipation, and during one hundred and thirty generations were the souls of good men fired by the prospect of its consummation. Eighteen hundred years has its memory brightened the destiny of the race, and cheered the hearts of the children of God. Apart from the death of the Saviour, none presents higher

moral loveliness, than that of the Athenian philosopher. In its relation to the character of his life, and its bearing upon the age in which he lived, it was indeed sublime. Truths noble and impressive had fallen from his lips. His lessons of instruction, and the principles to which he gave utterance, were freighted with high moral import. In elevating goodness, and exalting virtue, his days were spent amid persecution's storm. Death or retraction were the alternatives between which the aged man was to choose. Then it was that his moral greatness was most clearly exhibited, as he addressed those who sought his life. Hear the noble sentiment to which his soul gave birth, and his lips utterance in that hour: "It would be ridiculous for a man who during his life had habituated himself to live like one who was very near death, to be afterward distressed when this event overtook him! Shall one who verily loves wisdom, and entertains the strong hope that he shall find that which deserves this name nowhere except in Hades;*—shall such a man, instead of rejoicing to depart, be afflicted at dying?" Thus did this master mind fall in defence of truth, and die a martyr to real integrity of character. But a sublimer scene is afforded in the death of the world's Redeemer. Well has it been said, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God." The one was a heathen scholar, a wanderer in the mazes of doubt, seeking by reason's feeble light to explore the field of truth; a mere man, unregenerate in nature, conscious of sin's supremacy, spending his whole life in subduing the lusts of nature, and crushing the vengeful passions of his heart. Not so the other. He was the world's Redeemer—its creator—its upholder—His mission was divine. In his mind truth found its native dwelling place, while no lust or passion rankled in his immaculate heart.

* From "*ᾠδὴς*" (Greek term) generally meaning the receptacle of the dead.

The scene of the Saviour's death was indeed fearfully sublime. Calvary must have presented then a spectacle grand but awful. Its contemplation will ever melt the Christian soul, and moisten his cheek with the tear of sympathy. Let us approach that scene with solemn reverence.

The long dark night has fled. The shadows of Gethsemane no longer fall upon the brow of the agonizing Saviour as he struggles with the tempter. The mob, the judgment hall, the mock trial, have all been passed. The ponderous gates of the sacred city have swung back upon their massive hinges to let pass the rabble. Around Golgotha, where the criminal has oft paid by death the price of his crime, are gathered now tumultuous thousands, eager for the Saviour's crucifixion. The transverse beams are planted, and on them hangs the Son of God. Above the brow that might have reflected lustre on the diadem of the universe, has been written in derision, both of his divinity and power, "*Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.*" On either hand atones for his crime, a malefactor. The one joins even in his dying agony with the angry throng in reviling the suffering Redeemer. The other, reviewing the evidences of his messiahship, is impressed, probably for the first time, with the mighty truth that beside him hangs the Deity, hiding in human flesh the Godhead. We hear him in plaintive accents say, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." No earnest prayer, even in this hour, will the Saviour reject, and turning upon him his dying gaze, he whispers, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," while unseen the Father imprints upon his soul the regenerating kiss. Behold now the intense agony of the Saviour. The hands which fed the surrounding crowd, and daily ministered to human suffering, are pierced by the spikes, and nailed to the rugged wood. The arms which had circled little children, and that yearned to embrace

the world, are now outstretched in pain; their nerves are wild with agony. Those hallowed feet, which had often pressed the soil of Judea,—that were bathed with the tears of woman's affection,—those feet that trod undamped in the midnight storm the rolling surges of the tempestuous sea, are torn and bleeding. His temples are crimsoned with the life current drawn by the crown of thorns. More intense become his sufferings. Even God apparently forsakes his expiring Son, and in the deep, the inconceivable anguish of his soul, he cries, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The extent to which God forsook him in that awful hour, eternity alone will reveal to us. On his enemies he throws the splendor of his fading vision, and prays, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The lamp of life burns low—expires. JESUS IS DEAD. And now Nature bears her testimony to his character. The veil of the Temple, separating the holy place from the Holy of Holies, is rent in twain, exposing the most sacred mysteries. The rocks burst asunder, while the earth quakes to her centre. The blushing sun refuses to witness the crucifixion of his author, and withdraws his light. Darkness spreads its fearful pall over the whole land. The graves fly open, and from them emerge the sheeted dead to walk among the living, while the astonished centurion exclaims, "*Truly this was the Son of God.*"

Sublime! Yes, *more* than sublime was the crucifixion scene. Human vocabularies contain no words competent to express its grandeur. Conception is staggered, imagination bewildered in endeavoring to approach its moral exaltation. Review his life. From the cross behold the purity of his whole history. His sinless perfection—his devoted earnestness; then gaze on the majesty of his death.

Reader, FOR YOU HE DIED! Startling thought! Oh, yes! for every drop of blood drawn from Him upon Calvary

shalt thou be held responsible in the day of God. He died for *thee*, as if thou wast the only fallen being in the universe. His blood was shed for thine *entire sanctification*. His blood "cleanseth from all sin."

"Jesus, thy blood! thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can wash me white as snow,
No Jewish type can cleanse me so.

Oh, go to that cross; there let thine affections ever be entwined. As you gaze on his cross, resolve to be a holier Christian. Let every thought, word, and action, proclaim the sentiment of the Apostle when he says, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Ever remember that all you are, or will be in eternity, is the purchase of THE SAVIOUR'S DEATH.

[Original.]

CHRISTIAN CONDOLENCE.

THE following communication, written on hearing of our late bereavement, by one whom we have never seen in the flesh, is so full of Christian sympathy, and so replete with rich personal experience while in the furnace, that we cannot forbear giving it to our readers. May the blessing of the Lord attend it to others, as it has to our own heart.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I do most sincerely sympathize with you in your bereavement; but I have received especial spiritual blessings through such affliction, and can perceive, by the light of my own experience, that the Lord will ~~ore~~ long bless this in like manner to you. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." This was the first text that gave me any relief, when I buried my twin babes (my all), in ten days of each other. I had thought my grief too deep for relief, but this text promised comfort to my very mourning. I thought, how good and gracious is God to make such a promise to meet the most extreme case, and to apply it to the soul sinking under its burden of grief, in the hour of its utmost need. My grief was stayed, for the time, by admiration of the pitying kindness that could ad-

minister such timely relief. Here was not only a promise of comfort to the mourner, and upon the very ground of mourning, but a blessing with it. "Blessed are ye that mourn." What blessing is this? I said. My heart immediately replied, It is blessing enough to see the manifestation of his goodness, as I now feel it in my heart; for I could not have known it, if I had had no need of comfort. Though I might have heard it from others, it would have reached the ear only, and not the heart. Mental conviction is not heart experience. I had a real affection afterwards for such texts as the following: "Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." The experience of Job became more prized at this time, from a remark of a pious lady who was standing by my bed, applying the usual remedies to recover me from a fainting and sinking state, caused by the death of my first child. She said, "Only think of the submission of Job! When he lost all his children, and all his possessions, at a single stroke, he was enabled to say, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'" I shall never forget the surprise I felt. It seemed to pour a new light into my heart. I was a Christian at that time. I loved the Saviour, and to hear a word said against his word pierced me like a knife; but—would you believe it?—this was the first true idea I had ever had of resignation in my life. But it did not bear fruit immediately. I indulged much rebellious grief after that; for I was the spoiled child of fortune, and had never had my will crossed; though I was in a cold state at that time, from the influence of causes which I could not control. I was converted at boarding school, and my conversion was a very powerful one; but my father, who was an unbeliever, took me away from school, kept me from Christian communion, and forced me into gay society. I held out as long as I

could against this coercion ; but when compelled to yield, I thought I could go into the world, and still keep my heart to Christ. But it was a failure ; for though I was scrupulously conscientious, and free from actual sin, yet the life of devotion had nearly died out of my soul. I sometimes think it is well that I had this experience, for it has given a life and earnestness to my warnings of others, in being able to point out each peril minutely, to which the soul may be subjected by the influence of what are falsely called innocent pleasures. I had evidently departed from my first love. Religion is not a round of duties, however conscientiously performed, but love for the person of Christ. Even zeal for his word will not do in the place of this. Enjoying anything more than him, even one's own family, has a degree of idolatry that is often overlooked even by good Christians. I was conscious of worshipping afar off, and did truly desire to draw nearer and serve him aright. The prayer that was constantly on my lips, was in the language of a favorite hymn :

"Whatever idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

I truly and earnestly desired this ; it was the very voice of my heart. At the time that this craving was greatest, nothing in the world seemed desirable but to love and worship God, free from every taint of sin, and every affection that would hinder my devotion to him. But there was a time when this desire was faint, and this was during the interval of worldly pleasure. From this I was aroused by the first sorrow I had ever known — the death of my children. Stroke after stroke followed these, until the nearest and dearest were cut off by death. But the crucifixion did not stop here. I was constantly, for years, subjected to almost every conceivable form of affliction, among which ill health seemed to be the least. This continued until I was surrounded by trial as with a ring of fire from which there was no escape but to go up

higher. Yet amidst all this I was still enabled to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." For a long time I had no other scripture that I could apply. My heart was constantly repeating it, as if to keep from perishing under the strokes of the rod. When I look back now, I think it strange that it was so long before I understood that this was in answer to my prayer for help to separate my heart from its idols. When I did recognize this fact, there was another scripture put into my heart, "He knoweth the way that I take ; and when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." Now I began to be reconciled to the way of suffering ; for if this was the way the Lord had chosen to bring me into the state I so much desired, I was willing to be brought by it ; for when I had made inquiry, I had received the answer, "I have received thee in the furnace of affliction." I was kept in this furnace until the life of nature was wholly consumed. I seemed to pass through the height and depth, the length and breadth of Christian experience. I have passed through all the gospel straits, and realized all the promises of deliverance ; and can truly say that he is a faithful promiser. "He will never suffer the righteous 'to be moved.' None of them that trust in him shall be desolate." He is able to be more to us than all that he has taken. One single ray of the joy of his presence is more than a compensation for the loss of every earthly thing. All things would not be "possible with God," if he could not fill the heart with instantaneous joy, such as would be sufficient to shut out all grief forever. And "all things would not be possible to him that believeth," if the believer could not call it down instantaneously by the prayer of faith. He is not partial ; he did not say to the Apostles alone, "Ask, that ye may receive, that your joy may be full ;" "and your joy no man taketh from you ;" "for he is no respecter of persons." This joy is perennial ; it is inexhaustible ; a fountain sufficient to fill the hearts of the whole world. You, my dear brother, have

felt this in its fullest sense, no doubt; but at present a cloud has passed over you. If the gospel cannot remove every trace of grief, and every regretful feeling in one single instant's time, yet ultimately it will fill with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." "For he is able to do exceedingly, abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to his power that worketh in us." This I fully realized before I was enabled to make it my own. We may believe the promises; but genuine faith feeds on them. "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me." "That by these (promises) we might be partakers of the divine nature." These are deep passages that I do not think are generally understood. It is a high state of Christian experience, which I fear is not generally attained without suffering. "We are heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him." It was when I fully consented to this, that I received grace to be "exceeding joyful in every form of tribulation." It was then that I began to be delivered from trial, though at the time I had fully consented always to remain in the furnace, and could truly say, "It is good to be here." But the variety of experiences I went through before I arrived at this state, would fill a volume; so that now I have a word for every inquirer, by showing them how the Lord delivered me out of similar trials. I do hope and pray that the Lord may comfort you under your bereavement; but if you find your grief linger long, had you not better do a little work for the Lord outside your office: that is, to set yourself in pursuit of some particular lost soul, and follow it with prayer and effort, until it is recovered and brought to Christ? I have found the pursuit of souls a cure for grief and burdensome care. While striving to heal others, I was healed. In that sense also, "he that waters, shall himself be watered." You are doing a great work, and cannot well be spared from your office; but perhaps you have some time which you devote to

sedentary employment. If a part of this were spent in active effort "to seek and to save some lost soul," it would be a more effectual healer of grief. I recommend this because I have always found it an effectual remedy.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1858.

[Original.]

THE UNSEEN BATTLE FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field

In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight;
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce, —
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, — Pride, and Lust, and Hate,
Whole troops watch night and day;
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the prey.

Contending with this mighty force,
Is but a little band;
Yet there, with an unquailing front,
Those warriors firmly stand!

Their leader is of Godlike form,
Of countenance serene;
And glowing on his naked breast
A naked cross is seen.

His captains, — Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign;
And gazing on it, all receive
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth, —
A truth as great as sure;
But, to be victors, they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win the battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The place where carnage once had reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot:

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise,
On every breeze, to God.

Lynn, Mass.

[Original.]

THE UNITY OF CHRISTIAN GRACES.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

LOVE is the foundation of all religion, its only basis; without it, the superstructure totters and falls; with it, it is as enduring as the everlasting hills. Love to God and our neighbor is the chief element of Christianity, the soul and spirit of all piety, the Alpha and Omega of all true religion. Towering in its grandeur it stands alone, the embodiment of Divinity, for God is love.

All the Christian graces revolve around love, the sun—and draw their light and beauty from its refulgent rays. They cannot exist without it; and where its beams are shed, there every other fruit of grace luxuriates in constant freshness. The Apostle enumerates them, "Love, Joy, Peace, Long-Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance;" but the one first mentioned combines them all. The rest are but the exponents or representations of Love, in varied forms, but all enhancing the beauty and glory of this one great source or principle. In these defined forms it is beautiful to trace Love beaming forth from every exhibition of the other graces, as the great motive power, the all-pervading spirit.

We see it welling out from overflowing Joy. It is the stream, dancing in very gladness, gushing forth in torrents of blessedness; swelling and enlarging into the broad and mighty river, impetuously rushing on to the ocean of divine Love. It is Love luxuriating in excess of bliss, and glorying in its exhaustlessness. Yea, more, it is Love triumphing. It is Love viewing the promises, so broad, so exceeding precious, so enduring, that exultingly he sings and shouts. It is Love in the heart of fallen but renewed man, meditating upon the perfections of Godhead, and at thought that the All-wise, All-good, and All-glorious One is his Father;

crying out in ecstasy, "My Lord and my God."

And if Joy is Love triumphing, *Peace is Love resting*. It is Love with folded pinion on downy couch reposing. It is Love in green pastures and beside still waters, sweetly reclining. It is Love shed abroad in the heart, filling with quietude and holy content. It is that great calm which the soul feels when it views the atonement wrought out by blood-shedding, as its own. Ah, it is the quiet of the mighty deep, whose waters no more cast up mire and dirt, for Jesus says, "Peace, be still."

The Apostle speaks of "enduring hardness as good soldiers;" then is not *Long Suffering, Love enduring?* Ah! it is Love baring its bosom to the storm. It is the bruised reed bending, but not breaking, beneath its load. It is the shorn lamb with untempered wind, ceasing its moan. It is the stricken one kissing the hand that holds the rod. It is the sheep before her shearers, opening not her mouth. It is giving the cheek to the smiters, answering not again. It is forgiving seventy times seven, even as Christ forgives us. Oh, it is following the Master in being a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, if so be, God is glorified. Yea, it is following Him to prison and to death, for the love we bear toward Him. Ah! it is following Him "*fully*" until He says, "It is enough, enter into thy rest."

Gentleness, Dr. Clark says, is "benignity, affability." Then is it not *Love in society?* It is love with cordial hand grasping his fellow. It is the beaming eye that speaks of a heart glowing with affection's flame. It is that tenderness which fears to offend, and smooths the asperities of life with a softened hand. It is that delicacy of feeling that studies another's wish and another's taste. It is that refinement of heart that prompts to true courtesy and quiet Christian affability. It is that unassuming bestowment of

favors that seems to say the giver is the obliged one, and not the receiver. It is "being kindly affectioned one toward another, with brotherly kindness, forgiving one another in love." Oh! it is a matchless grace! one that Paul does not apply to himself; but he says, "I beseech you by the gentleness of Christ."

Goodness, says the same author, "is the disposition to do good to the souls and bodies of men." Then is it not *Love bearing burdens*?—Love loading itself with blessing and scattering with liberal hand?—Love burdened with kindnesses and dispensing to all who need?—Love in the highways and hedges compelling by gentleness the wanderer's return?—Love spreading the banquet, and inviting all to come; yea, seeking the houseless and homeless, and making him his honored guest? Is it not feet for the lame, and eyes to the blind; food to the famishing, and medicine to the dying? Love at the "Five Points," and on the lone mountain; in the prison and in the camp, in the hospital and in the cell; crossing oceans and burning deserts; surrounded by heathen children and savage men; seeking and saving that which was lost. Oh! it is Love everywhere, going about like the Master, "doing good."

Faith is Love amid conflicts and clouds. It is Love when the voice of the Commander is lost amid the war of elements and clash of arms, firm at his post. It is Love pursuing duty's path amid cloud and tempest, without moon or stars. It is Love, constant at the helm in darkest night, when surges rise and billows roll, and no beacon is seen to guide his bark. Ah! it is Love offering Isaac and hiding Moses. It is Love crossing the Red sea with steady tread, and "choosing affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It is Love approaching the heated furnace, confident the "form of the fourth will be there;" and with unblanched cheek entering the den of lions, assured of

safety. It is Love daring to do right in face of prisons, fagots, chains and death. It is Love never flinching, never failing, when all is perilled and firmness most needed. It is Luther at Worms, and Wesley shut out of the English churches. It is being singular for Christ's sake, when devotion is costly, and zeal occasions great reproach. Yea, more, it is Jesus in the garden and on the cross. O, it is leaving all and following Christ, not knowing whither we go. It is to us in place of sight, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and produces the same effect.

Meekness is Love humbling itself; sitting at the saints' feet; in honor preferring another. It is lowliness of mind and quietness of spirit. It is patience having its perfect work; and humility unconscious of its dignity and worth. It is Moses deaf to the flatteries of kingly courtiers, and calmly listening to the clamorings and murmurings of an ungrateful band. It is Jesus led as a lamb to the slaughter, giving "His cheek to those that plucked off the hair," that He might give gifts to men. O, it is the sum of gentleness, goodness, patience and humility. It is an unrivalled grace, rarely perfected, and has its embodiment only in the meek lamblike Son of God.

Temperance is Love denying self. It is Love subduing passion, and controlling carnal desire. It is slaying appetite, and crucifying the flesh. It is Love with closed eye to things forbidden, and deafened ear to pleasure's syren song. It is keeping the body under subjection as unto Christ. It is Love unmoved by the "lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life." It is refusing idols' meat, and subsisting upon pulse. It is living as Christ lived, devoid of luxuries and pomp. It is in "all things" copying the Master. St. Albans, Vt.

MANNERS.—"St. Paul's manners were the finest of any on record." — Coleridge.

[Original.]

SELF-CRUCIFIXION.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

As Christians we are said to be "crucified unto the world," and the world is said to be "crucified unto us." The question immediately arises, What are we to understand by the world? Every sensible object that is instrumental in disturbing the harmony of the relation we should sustain to God. What by being *crucified* to the world? It is to be insensible to all its sinful allurements, and to use lawful things in subserviency to the salvation of the soul, made possible by the death of Christ on the cross.

To be more particular. It is to have *all relish for its sinful pursuits destroyed*. It is acknowledged that there is in the human mind an inherent tendency to sin. It is as natural as the motion of the steel toward the loadstone. As natural as for water to flow, or the sun to give out rays of light. Our experience and consciousness force this unpalatable truth upon us. We feel the keenness of hunger after the mere pleasures of earth. The temptation presents itself and immediately the hidden motion of desire is in that direction. Circumstances may be unfavorable to gratification, or a fear of consequences immediately succeeding the desire may prevent its development into action, but the principle of sin is there. It is as certainly sin as murder or any other acknowledged crime. All the evidences of *life* are there. The warmth of a living desire, the motion of a living heart. Call it a germ, but it has the essential elements of the future plant. Call it an embryo, but it has the perfect organism of the future being. With such an experience we are said to be "alive unto sin," *alive to the world*.

Destroy this natural tendency, substitute an inherent motion toward holiness, and we may be said to be "dead to sin, but alive unto God." Sin will tempt as

before. The world will continue the same. Our natural senses will remain unchanged; but the presentation of the sinful object will produce no internal motion of desire. There will be no disturbed and morbid action of the affections. On the contrary the spiritual vision will present the object in so repulsive a form, that the soul will spontaneously shrink from contact. The instinctive effort of the soul now is to repel. The very presence of the temptation produces grief, whereas it was before accompanied with a feeling of pleasure.

Such a soul is "crucified to the world." All relish, tendency, inclination in that direction is destroyed. And by consequence the "world is crucified" unto it. There is a double death. We are "crucified unto the world," because all sinful inclination toward it is destroyed; and "the world is crucified" unto us because its power of attraction is neutralized and useless.

Another evidence of self-crucifixion is that the soul is *perfectly satisfied with God alone*. Not only is the natural tendency toward evil destroyed, but there is substituted an undeviating motion toward God. Every feature of the divine character stands out prominently to our gaze. The vail of impurity torn off, we are now able to "see God." The force of His moral beauty is so great as to draw us, nothing loth, into blissful closeness with Himself. His hand will be felt in every dispensation — His will consulted in every motion. His arm will be revealed as so powerful, and His heart so full of kindness, that unbelief will be impossible. The absence of unbelief supposes the presence of a perfect faith. A perfect faith is uninjured by the withdrawal of sensible joys. It exults when nature dies and self is dethroned.

When Jesus, our great Exemplar, hung upon the cross, all sensible props were withdrawn. No "angels ministered unto Him." No gracious smile fell from the face of His Father like a beam of sun.

light into His soul! No joys, no raptures, no ecstasies sustained Him! All was dark as night! His soul was "exceeding sorrowful!" But was his faith in the effect of his mission destroyed? Why then did he not "come down from the cross?" He could have done so had He been disposed. Why? Because faith showed Him millions of redeemed souls coming back to holiness and to God. Faith pointed to the lost sheep returning to the "Shepherd and Bishop of their souls." Faith opened up to His gaze the mansions of glory peopled with blood-washed multitudes. Yes, it was the triumph of faith over sense.

"We are crucified with Christ." A life of feeling is not a life of faith, but of sight. Faith and sight are very different things. What we have the sensible assurance of, is not a proper object of faith. Faith triumphs when all props are withdrawn. It is an *unpropped trust in God*.

Such a faith is unmoved amidst the most discouraging circumstances. The waves may roar and dash and foam, but it rears its head above the highest efforts. The winds may howl, the storm rage furiously, but it reposes serenely amidst the elemental strife. Friends may desert and foes smite, but faith will sustain. The world may frown, but faith will look up and recognize a smile on the face of God, and be satisfied. Sin may allure, but faith has no affinity with it. It rushes to the cross of Christ as its centre. Hell may assail, but there will be no traitor in the city. Jesus will reign alone, and sway an undisputed and undivided sceptre over the soul.

How may this self-crucifixion be said to be by or through the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ? Because all moral power to obey the will of God possessed by us comes through the atonement. The thought of pardon would never have entered our minds if Christ had not died. Despair would have seized us, and forever shut out any prospect of deliverance. No

blessed Spirit like a flood of light would have fallen upon the moral darkness of our hearts, showing us not only the deep necessity of a change, but pointing to the Lamb of God as the meritorious cause of it. It was because he led "captivity captive," that he "received gifts for men," and prominent among them was the divine Comforter, the blessed *παράκλητος*, the Spirit of light and moral power.

It is the "Spirit of holiness." Its legitimate province is the production of holy principles, tempers, motives, actions. It is the avowed and irreconcilable antagonist of everything sinful. It is the impress of a holy God, and wherever it rests it produces lineaments of character resembling the mind of God. It is the "Spirit of His Son;" because it carries on and perfects the work of redemption. It is the "Spirit of adoption," because it brings the assurance of our sonship. It is the "Spirit of power," because it imparts to its subject the ability to grasp "all the fulness of God," triumphing over the world and self, and with steady and rapid strides moving through every obstruction "toward the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Haddam, Conn.

MORALS OF A HEATHEN. — If the anecdotes of Plato that have come down to us are authentic, they give him a character that will shame many who enjoy the light and grace of the gospel. Such was his command of temper that when in lifting his hand to correct a slave, he perceived that he was angry, kept his arm fixed in that position, and said to a friend, "I am punishing an angry man." "I would chastise you," said he to the slave, "if I were not angry."

When ill reports were circulated by his enemies, he observed that he "would live so that none should believe them." "I shall be a scholar as long as I am not ashamed to grow wiser and better." Plato, however, lacked the evangelical humility.

[Original.]

TRUE BALANCE OF HEART AND LIFE.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

As it is more common to find persons of ordinary Christian graces than those all redeemed and devoted to God, so we more frequently discover the partial and one-sided developments of Christian character, than we do the full and symmetrical proportions of gospel consistency. Many appear keenly alive to some of the obvious claims of Christianity upon them, but seem strangely blind to others of equal clearness and force. They allow their sympathies and zeal to become greatly (and commendably) intensified in certain directions, but have no heart to labor in other departments of the work, however pressing in their demands. Some, for instance, seem to find the alpha and omega of religion in the *temperance* enterprise. The biggest, and nearly the only devil they ever see, sparkles in the intoxicating cup; if this could be destroyed, they fancy the world would be about ready to strike up the millennial song. Others again become so warm in opposition to gaudy and extravagant *dress*, that their zeal, to say the least, takes an unbalanced and one-sided type.

Now we believe in and contend for earnest and uncompromising positions in both these respects. When gospel holiness shall prevail, the fountains of intemperance shall be dried up. They cannot commingle in mutual friendship, for each is the eternal antagonism of the other. Equally suspicious must be that stamp of pretended piety that arrays itself in the gaudy attire of fashionable display, before the false-reflecting glass of this vain world. We have no confidence in a religion that thus glitters in the stolen livery of earth-born sinners. A thousand apologies may be framed for such a course, but they cannot abide the test of the judgment fires. Let a faithful voice be lifted against

intemperance and pride, and let it be done with uniform consistency and unbending firmness. We wonder not that any should be earnest in denouncing what is so obviously in conflict with God and goodness; the only wonder is that such denunciations should be partial and apologizing, rather than universal and fearless.

The query has often been suggested, as we have witnessed such exhibitions of unbalanced zeal, "*Why not go the whole figure, and be straight and thorough all around?*" It certainly means more than all seem to appreciate, to be a consistent, whole-hearted, well-balanced Christian. It is not so difficult to get people well started in some directions — doing many things both commendable and necessary, but leaving many others entirely untouched. It should be said to all such, "*These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the others undone.*" Some appear far more interested in the *politics* of religion than they do in the *piety* of religion. They have got a good theory, but have never felt the *power*. Others may be found who have not deeply learned that genuine religion means a great deal more than getting happy in meeting.

When we speak of a true balance of character, however, we do not mean that such character is to be tested by the uneven scales of an unconverted world. There is a higher standard by which it must be measured — a standard, which, in some respects, the children of this world have no eyes to see. The experience of a saved man has elements in it that seem strange and paradoxical to the eyes of carnal men, but they are perfectly intelligible to the deeply devoted.

The heart is never perfectly balanced and permanently at rest, till it is entirely cleansed in the blood of the Lamb, and it finds the universal centre — God. When this is the case, though there will be a variety of manifestations, yet they will all combine to establish a sweet and glo-

rious harmony in the soul, and to correct and sweeten and sanctify the entire life to the will and service of God.

A devoted sister of our acquaintance was recently stopping a few days within the bounds of another conference than her own. Having an interview with the minister of the place one day, he said to her, "I understand there are two kinds of holiness in your region; one, a sweet, loving, peaceful holiness—the other a *fighting* holiness. Which kind have you got?" Said she, "I feel nothing but love in my soul, and a peace as sweet as heaven; but these very elements make me hate the devil and oppose sin with all my heart." He probably concluded that she had *both* kinds; and so she had; or rather, she had the harmonious development of entire holiness that made her bold as a lion, yet meek as a lamb; wise as a serpent, yet harmless as a dove; full of meekness, gentleness and love, yet bold and earnest and uncompromising in her opposition to all unrighteousness.

Such is the type of holiness that will purify the church and take the world captive for Jesus. A holiness that strikes a death-blow at our own heart-evils, melts and moulds our natures into all the image of Christ, and nerves up the soul to stand by the naked truth and fight the devil everywhere. We want both the crucifying process and the resurrection power. Give us Christians that have the light, the love, the nerve, the fire, the power, — that have eyes to see, hearts to feel, and hands to do. O, for the mighty baptism of power divine, that shall cleanse us from sin, fill us with love and set us all on fire for God. That will make us love what Jesus loves, and hate what Jesus hates; that will make us feeling, doing, daring Christians — burning, shining, living, fighting, conquering soldiers in the militant church!

West Sweden, N. Y.

A rogue is a roundabout fool.—Coleridge.

[Original.]

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

BY M. A. HUBBARD.

SOLDIER, go—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,—
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes;—
Thou hast *sterner* work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through:
Close behind thee *gulfs* are burning—
Forward!—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow.
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep, as on the battle-field,
Girded, grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name or number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done:
Lo, the hosts of hell are flying;
'T was thy *Lord* the battle won,—
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark! what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

THE CHURCH. — "O what and who shall raise the church of God to a sense of her duty, her destiny, and her honor, as God's instrument for converting an ungodly world? — Where is the more than trumpet breath, that with the thunder of the skies, and the voice of eternal truth, shall break in upon the slumbers of a luxurious church, and rouse her to her mission as a witnessing and proselyting body!" — James.

RIGHT LIFE. — "We are not to be anxious about living, but about living well." — Socrates.